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## SCRAPS OF THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION.

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### THE DEFILE OF BRANICZKO.

I had been associated on the staff of General Guyon, since he had taken command of the rear-guard in the retreat from Buda-Pesth, in January, 1848. For the past month, we had almost daily encounters with the victorious Austrians under Windeschrätz, halting as we retreated, to defend every fortified position from Waitzen to Ipölyszög, thus giving time to the main body, under the Commander-in-Chief, Görgey, to retire by comparatively easy marches towards the river Thies, upon which the Committee of Defence had determined to assemble all the scattered corps of the army, preparatory to an offensive movement. From Ipölyszög, we had followed the road through the mountain cities of the Zips country, still hard pressed by the Austrians, whose vastly superior forces had enabled them to defeat us at Schemnitz, and also with their cavalry to surprise our fatigued and harassed troops at Neusohl. These incessant attacks had told fearfully upon our ranks, and the battalions which had mustered ten thousand strong at Pesth, had now diminished terribly, while the carelessness and neglect of Gen. Görgey to send us reinforcements, or in any other way to assist his rear-guard, when overwhelmed by the enemy, had caused the spirits of the hungry and wearied troops to sink. Nothing but the energetic action, and cheerful manner of our General, and the national patriotism of the Hungarians, kept the corps from a disastrous rout. Such was the state of affairs when we arrived at Leutschau, where orders from General Görgey were received to rejoin, with all speed, the main body, which had been most strangely advanced much further up the Zips, towards Galicia, than the route towards Eperies and the Thies could possibly sanction; at the same time, a despatch to Windeschrätz had been intercepted, which reported that a large force under Schlick was advancing

from the north, to enter Hungary from Galicia and the Carpathians.

Colonel, or rather, General Guyon, (for his command entitled him to that rank,) was alone with myself when he received these despatches. "M——," he said, turning to me, "here is a matter of great importance, in which I need you. I must tell you of a suspicion which I would not dare to mention to a Hungarian. Görgey will, if he can, be treacherous! You may start, but mark. Why does he advance towards Galicia, when he knew long ago that Schlick is lying in wait behind the Carpathians? Yet he makes no mention of this in his message. No; he wishes to be entrapped, with Schlick before and Windeschrätz behind; for, although with the aid of the late heavy snow storms, we have for the present shaken off our troublesome enemy, it will not take long for him again to come up, and by this means he will be forced to surrender. Now all is explained—his selecting to his staff, and giving to all important offices, men known to be favorable to Austria—his rebellious proclamation at Waitzen—his leaving us to be cut to pieces at Schemnitz and Neusohl; and now, these having failed, he orders us to join his command. For what? To surrender. There is but one way to save ourselves, and perhaps force him into honesty.—See here," he continued, pointing to his military map, "we can reach Eperies only by passing the Defile of Braniczko; this I pointed out to Gen. Görgey long since, and showed him the necessity of seizing it. With what result? He has, to use the mildest term, neglected it; and now it is in the hands of fifteen thousand Austrians, and but two, at most three days' march before us, while he has turned away directly to the northward, supposing that, on finding it so protected, I shall be very glad to escape by joining him. But *no*; it must and *shall* be forced!"

I had seen my brave commander in trying situations—his cheerfulness and determination in battle—his contempt for danger—in the weary march cheering the Honvöds (home-defenders) and soldiers, setting the example to his officers by toiling on through the snow and ice of the mountain roads, suffering fatigue and hunger with characteristic good humor. In appearance, General Guyon was a thick set, firmly knit man, rather short, but of soldierly mien; his massive head was covered with dark grey hair; his beard, which flowed down upon his breast, and a heavy moustache, gave a determined caste to his countenance, and stamped him as a man whose resolve was *action*. Yet there was generally a look of frank good nature in his clear blue eye, which not even the discipline of his long Austrian service could obliterate. Yet there was something almost terrific in the stern sadness of his voice and manner, as he continued—"I am but his subordinate officer, and if defeated, shall be abhorred as a traitor; but an honest patriot must, as Brutus says,

"If it be aught towards the general good,  
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,  
And look on both indifferently."

"May God give me strength to do likewise! Notwithstanding General Görgey's order, I shall cut a way through the defile, although in truth it will be no light task. This intention of mine I wish you to convey to the General; I could send some other officer, but your rank in the English army will entitle you to respect in making this suggestion, as we may term it, and at the same time you can give him the information of Schlick being in force at the Carpathian Passes; thus he will have no excuse for still advancing in that direction. I need not remind you of the importance of secrecy in this suspicion of mine."

Ten minutes later I was on the road. It was one of the coldest nights of the season; but, snugly ensconced in a warm sheep-skin cloak, and inured to the severity of the weather by the rough experiences of the campaign, I set out cheerfully on my expedition, mounted on a strong, shaggy Hungarian pony, a moderately fast animal, accustomed to mountain travel, and capable of enduring great fatigue. The road led abruptly down the heights, into the wide, gloomy forests which covered the plain dividing the hills; some twenty-five or thirty miles' distance was a small government station, at which I was to obtain a fresh relay. The moon shone with a keen, cold light, as I led the horse down the steep road into the woods, and the sharp, icy wind blew fiercely as it swept through the bare trees, but my thoughts were far away by the peaceful fireside I had left in England; into my busy brain came the picture of the Christmas gambols and festivities which had just passed. Had they, amidst their happy sports at the old homestead, thought of me? And I almost regretted having left such comforts; but this quickly passed away when I remembered the noble cause in which I was engaged. My admiration for Kossuth, and most of the

leaders, the patriotic response of the people when called to arm in defence of their land, the kindness which I had received from all, inspired me not to regret, but rejoice in the determination that had led me to leave the monotony and idleness of garrison life in my own country, to share in the trials of the Hungarian revolution. Why should I regret risking a life of little use to any one, to support a principle and cause which I admired? I did not; and although this retreat was discouraging, and the future dim, yet the struggle, I thought, could not fail being triumphant, when all, with a few exceptions, were so united and sacrificing; let us hope there are brighter days before us. I had rode at full speed for about three hours, when I was aroused from my reverie by the loud howl of a wolf, which sent a thrill to my heart when I recollected my fearful ride for life in the woods of Baconier Wald, near Wissenburg. But I was not forced again to race with their lordships, for by the glimmerings of a light in the far distance, I perceived the post station was near at hand. My loud blast upon the little horn with which I was provided, sounded dismally through the woods, awakening answering cries from the owls and bats in their woody nooks. Presently the reply signal came faintly back through the midnight air, and lights moved; and as I dashed up to the low farm-house, or *pusta*, a little boy stood waiting with a stout-limbed mare, saddled and equipped. There was no delay, for, as I threw myself into the saddle of the mare, the boy seized the reins of the panting pony, and led him away. Hours flew by; the night had passed, and the morning well advanced, as I entered the town of L—, where Görgey was encamped. My endeavors were fruitless; General Görgey had coldly answered, "Colonel Guyon has received my orders, and he must obey them. As for this report of Schlick being behind the mountains, it must be false, and your commander's scheme of attacking the defile, it is worthy the brain of a madman! You will, as expeditiously as possible, return and reiterate my command." A young officer who stood near, whispered to him, when he answered with a sneer and loud voice, "What! one of those Islanders who are always boasting of their riding feats, tired already? Pray, sir, when will it suit your convenience to return?" His heartlessness, and the sarcasm of his speech, when surrounded by every comfort that his selfishness could give him, caused the blood to mount to my face, and bursting out, reckless of consequences, I replied, "Instantly, sir; my own company is preferable to that of a ——" "Of what," he asked, seeing me pause, for the look of concentrated hate from those pale features, and the glare of his eye, had checked me in time from the word "Traitor." "Perhaps," he continued, "a court-martial would suit you better; however, a sharp ride may cool your blood—go!" It was through the thoughtful kindness of the young officer that I was enabled to exchange my tired mare for a fresh horse. Poor N—; he was an enthusiastic admirer of Görgey, whom he looked up to

as one who was to be the savior of Hungary. Little did he think that his noble land, and its people, were to be crushed under foot by their oppressors, through the instrumentality of his General's treachery, and that he himself was to become indebted to him for a cruel and ignominious death. Peace to that brave and kind heart! May a monument from the sons of free Hungary ere long be erected over the ashes of the martyrs of Arad and Major N——. Long and dreary was my return ride; added to excessive fatigue, my mind was oppressed with the impending fate of the campaign; it was a gloomy picture to look at—the dark suspicion of Görgey's treachery, entertained by Guyon and Nagy Sandor, and which had been partially verified by my own experience—the approaching fearful struggle at Branicko, which I knew must take place yet, where defeat was destruction. By the time I had reached the pusta, my feelings were worked up almost into a fever, and knowing that without some little rest, I should not be able to proceed much further, I dismounted and slept for a few hours. The grey dusk of morning was passing away with the early rays of the sun, as I entered our camp, which had been pushed forward to within fifteen miles of the defile. The old signs of the vigilant activity of our leader, as usual, might be seen on every side—the watchful challenge of the sentinel—the rough defences against a sudden attack, posted on every road leading to and from the camp. What a different scene was before me to that of General Görgey's quarters, which I had just left, with its comforts, almost luxuries; here, bivouacing in the open air, upon beds of snow, lay the fatigued rear-guard. The camp was commencing to be alive for the day's duties and dangers; groups of sleepy Honvöds were around the half-smothered camp-fires, endeavoring to re-kindle them into a more active state for their breakfasts. Scouting parties and patrols were delivering reports to their officers, or sinking down to snatch a little sleep by the fires before marching. Gen. Guyon was seated on a camp stool before a fire, listening to the report of one of the videttes. I hastened to inform him of the ill success of my mission; to which he only remarked, "I expected nothing else; but my plan is now prepared, and before to-morrow I shall be either victorious or under arrest; that is," he added in a low voice, "if alive. My design shall be announced to the corps in a few minutes; but remember, no one must know of your conference with General Görgey." Within half an hour, the orderly's summons had collected all the leaders of the camp in the General's tent. Gen. Guyon was standing before a table on which was laid a rough sketch of the mountain pass which was to be attacked. In a short, brief speech, he pointed out the necessity of an immediate attack; "an attack in which," he said, "we want a united feeling and effort to pervade the whole army. We have conquered, fought, and bled together for the past month; suffering and danger have cemented our friendship, and the great and holy cause in which we are engaged, is one

that demands every sacrifice; let us but remove this one great obstacle, and we need have no fear for the future. My direct plan of attack can be made only when the pass has been reconnoitered. For the present, gentlemen, you will simply announce to your respective commands our purpose, and now for the march." Major Csányi here started forward, and demanded, in behalf of the Honvöds of Buda University, permission that they might head the attacking party. "Csányi," replied the General, "the students' battalion has suffered more than most of the others, lately; yet if it is their wish, they shall have the post of honor." The news of the approaching battle was received with acclamations by the troops. The fifth battalion of Honvöds, the students of Buda, who were to head the attack, set out gaily on the march, breaking out every now and then in patriotic songs of the deeds of the Magyar race, or ballads of the old Buda University. They carried the national tri-color of Hungary, upon which was richly embroidered the insignia of the school. Their commanding officer, Major Csányi, was of the true Magyar race; he was a young man, much the junior in years to his brother officers; a tall, erect figure, pale and classical caste of countenance, with noble brow. He listened to the songs with a melancholy smile, as if something weighed upon his mind; yet, when they sung of the freedom of their father-land, his enthusiasm, as he joined in the chorus, lit up his features with an expression that showed how deeply his heart felt for the wrongs of his country. Csányi was the son of the Minister of Public Works. At the commencement of the struggle, he one day astonished the University by boldly espousing the cause of the Diet. His eloquence aroused the students into a perfect furor of enthusiasm, and as he concluded by appealing to their patriotism to fight for the country, they all, students, professors and juniors, enrolled themselves into a battalion. The government permitting them to elect their own officers, young Csányi was, by acclamation, chosen to lead them. At first he declined; but as he had displayed great military talent when under his father's command in Slavonia, his refusal was not taken. His old Professor, especially, insisted upon it, while he himself entered far below him. And the student-soldiers themselves; ah! how many warm friends had I among them then, and now how few. Often, around the bivouac fire, I would join their cheerful group, and always met with a hospitable and ready welcome. Here, after the fatiguing march of the day, all would meet for friendly intercourse. Military rank would, for the time, be laid aside, and all joined together on the brotherly footing of the University. Here, soldiers and officers would gather around the old professor, and listen to sage lessons, or quotations from his favorite Virgil and the classics. Most of their professors were serving the country in some civil capacity; but of the three who had joined their ranks, all had fallen excepting B——, whom they loved as a father. He was a man of about fifty-five years of age,

of tall, sinewy frame, and features decidedly German. His fondness for his meerschau and Virgil was only excelled by his love for Kossuth and freedom, and affection for Csányi, his favorite pupil. Among the students were many noble and free-souled youths, who served in the ranks, not from ambitious motives, but for love of their country and her welfare. Thus, the Professor's own son was a private, as well as Csányi's brother, Ernest, a noble boy of sixteen, to whom I became much attached. Ernest was a great admirer of Shakspeare, and, understanding English sufficiently to appreciate his beauties, loved to listen, as sometimes, at his request, I would read from that author, and then in return, he would recite in his rich Hungarian tongue, from Schiller. I asked him one day why he constantly refused promotion, which had frequently been offered to him. "I do not care for it," he replied, "I serve my country best as it is; for, as my father says, our countrymen will then see that a Csányi's highest and only ambition is to do his duty towards Hungary—and why should I wish for rank when I am near my brother, and receive the friendship of my comrades, the students, and the Professor." What a rich, sunlit smile it was that lit his features as he uttered these noble words.

It was towards the early close of the afternoon when the corps arrived to within three miles' distance from the Defile of Braniezko.—The sharp crack of the rifles in front told us our advanced guard were driving in the Austrian skirmishers who held possession of the ground, and at last we debouched into the high, level plain which led towards the pass, now directly in front of us. I had advanced considerably to the front, and was reconnoitering, when the whistle of bullets about my head from the enemy's sharpshooters, warned me that to go further, without sufficient escort, would be useless as well as dangerous. At this moment, General Guyon, attended by a small party, rode up, and while his guard of hussars cleared the road of the few remaining Austrians, our spy-glasses were in active use upon the position of the enemy. The high ridge of granite mountains stood before us in sharp outline against the sky. A rough, narrow road, partly formed by nature, and partly by art, led from the base of the hills, ascending gradually to the right up the side, to the entrance of a gap or chasin, through which, by an abrupt turn, it passed over the mountains. This gap or cleft was about fifty feet wide, and divided the crest of the ridge, which had apparently been rent asunder by an earthquake of former ages. Just below the spot on which we stood, the woods extended to within one hundred paces of the rising road, and under shelter of which, General Guyon determined to form the storming party. Riding to this point, we could see a portion of the Austrian defences, which had been admirably prepared. The snow lay to about the depth of a foot upon the ground, and clung to the steep sides of the rocks, contrasting here and there with the dark granite stone through which the narrow road passed. The road was protected

by rough abattis, palisades, and other obstacles, while above, the rocks on either side overhanging the pass, afforded shelter to their riflemen, and from which they could greatly annoy our columns as they struggled through the road defences. The gorge itself was hidden from our view, but from information derived from various sources, we knew it was defended by an Austrian battery, which, planted on a small eminence, a short distance from the bend of the road, stood prepared to give a warm and uncomfortable reception to the forcing party, should they succeed in attaining this point. After an hour's fruitless search for some other path over the heights, we returned to the main body of troops, who had been halted out of cannon-shot, and orders were immediately given for encampment. Fires were lighted, snow cleared away, tents, and even huts were erected, embankments thrown up to protect the camp, and every preparation made by Gen. Guyon to lead the Austrian scouts to suppose it was his intention to await reinforcements; in the meanwhile, however, secret orders were issued for a night attack. Among the crags which hid from our view the defile, was one which rose to a broad platform peak, about fifty feet above the rest of the ridge. It was reputed by the peasants to be inaccessible, especially from the inner side, where the rocks formed a precipice of some two hundred and fifty feet in height. This we supposed must be the case, from the fact of the enemy not having any howitzers at this elevated point, from which they could have greatly annoyed us with shell; from our side, to me it appeared as if it might be scaled, and afford us at least an insight to the Austrian defences. This opinion made such an impression upon me, that I resolved to make the attempt alone, and it was only by the urgent request of the two Csányis that I consented to have Ernest accompany me. "Would that I could go," said the Major; "but, as I cannot, I give you one whom I know to be true, and should anything occur to you, he is fully capable of reporting any information that may be gleaned. God be with you, my dear brothers!"

Throwing cloaks over our uniforms, and lightly armed, we were soon commencing the ascent. Deer-stalking in Scotland has been to me a pastime, and my cheerful companion was accustomed to mountain travel, so that we little minded the fatigue as we silently and cautiously crept and climbed up. We had proceeded about half the distance, when I discovered right before us, beside a clump of stunted bushes, a foot-mark deeply imprinted in the snow. Leaving young Csányi to cover a retreat, should it be necessary, I softly crawled forward. Poor Robinson Crusoe never examined the foot-marks of the savages with more care than I this one—it was plainly the heavy, flat-footed Swabian soldier. All at once the danger, if discovered, rushed upon me. We were spies within the Austrian lines, and if caught, would suffer poor Major Andre's death! There are moments of weakness, when men are cowards. It is when a new and unexpected danger assails them, and when the thoughts of home and friends flash in

fearful contrast with the present dark moment; and this was one with me—it was but for a moment—there, behind me, was my brave, young Hungarian, his dark eye carefully scanning the bushes to the front of me, his hand grasping his pistol, and his body motionless, yet prepared to rush to my assistance. I thought of his devoted friendship, his light-hearted temperament; and should he die in a wild scheme of my planning? “Ernest,” I said, as he came forward, “it is useless for you to run this danger. Go back, or rather, remain here until I return, which will be within an hour, or not at all; should this happen, you may conjecture that this path is guarded, and will therefore return and report it so to the General.” “Never,” he quickly answered, “will I so disgrace my name. What! have it said that a Hungarian left a stranger guest in danger, and that a Magyar soldier deserted his officer? Oh! my poor father,” he continued, as the tears sprang into his dark eyes, “it would break your heart to have it said that a Csányi had turned his back to the enemy. Let us forward together; you are my officer, and I must obey; but do not disgrace me.” It was a picture for a painter—the slight, active form, and flashing eye of the young Magyar, as he uttered this; and without a word, for I could not refuse him, we continued our path upwards through the snow and ice, and over the slippery rocks, carefully looking out as we went, for concealed enemies; none, however, appeared, and after an hour’s scrambling at last we reached the plateau, which proved to be about thirty paces wide. Creeping to the edge of the precipice, we looked down upon the Austrian position in the pass below, just beyond rifle-shot of the spot which we occupied. Night had come on, and when the moon arose, we searched in vain for some path which might lead down the face of the precipice, and by which we could turn the flank of the Austrians. The height was of no use to us, unless—as the idea suddenly came to me—we could, by some means, convey the artillery to the top. What an advantage it would give, as the position completely commanded the Austrian batteries. But then, how were guns to be conveyed up a steep rock three hundred and fifty feet, when it was with the greatest difficulty that I and my companion, unincumbered, had succeeded in reaching the top? The more I thought of it, the greater the difficulty and importance appeared to be. Yet the indefatigable character of Guyon, and the bravery and hardihood of the Hungarian soldiers, seemed to warrant making the attempt. Leaving young Csányi to watch the position, with orders to return and report, should any obstacle occur that would prevent the accomplishment of our plan, I returned to the camp. General Guyon was busily engaged in planning the attack, which was to take place at midnight; seeing me as I entered, he quickly asked if any thing of importance had been discovered, and on my communicating the intelligence, I expressed some doubts as to the practicability of the cannon being taken by piecemeal up the peak. “If,” he energetically replied, “Napoleon’s proverb that ‘wherever two men can

pass, an army may cross,’ there is no doubt of our being able to do so, and it shall be tried. Captain Jozadab,” he continued, turning to the brave commandant of artillery, “yours will be an arduous task, but I know we can depend upon you. It is now dark, and we will commence the ascent immediately.

History has exhibited few instances of greater hardihood than was shown that night by the Hungarians; not a moment was lost; the artillery was instantly driven to the point, and under the personal superintendence of General Guyon and the commandant Jozadab, the artillery-men, aided by a battalion of volunteers, had soon taken a part of the cannon, and caissons; the ammunition was divided into small packages, and the difficult march commenced. First came a few of the sturdy wood-cutters of the Carpathians, who had joined us at Kaschau; under the active hands of these men the shrubs and ice were partially cleared; next came the main body, consisting of officers and soldiers, all carrying or dragging some portion of the guns and carriages.

It was a wild scene that I looked back upon, as I rested on a projecting rock, while the Kaschaunen were cutting a rough path through the ice; notwithstanding the caution we used in shielding the light from our lanterns and pine knots, it would every now and then flicker and flash, and reveal to the gaze the rocky and icy peaks and crags, the men toiling with their loads; here a dozen or more would be painfully dragging a gun after them; others, with different portions of the carriage upon their backs; some with boxes of ammunition; here an officer was crawling up with his lantern in one hand, whilst the other held a rammer sponger. At last after four hours’ almost incredible exertion, the plateau of the peak was reached in safety, and at half an hour past midnight I returned to report to our expectant leader that the guns were placed in position, and prepared to open upon the gorge below.

If the Austrian outposts had any suspicion that an attack was to take place that night, they must have had it from some other cause than the appearance of our camp; the watchfires were burning brightly, and the moon shone upon the quiet Hungarian tents and embankments; all was in deep silence, and nothing living stirred except the watchful sentinels as they paced slowly up and down in the keen night air; no sound was heard to break the quiet repose but the sharp challenge of the patrol as it passed in the rounds. Yet in reality it was far different; in the deep forest were assembled the storming party and the reserves awaiting the signal of attack. It was with great satisfaction our brave Guyon received the welcome news that all was well on the heights, and turning to the stormers he conjured them to remember that all depended upon their courage.

“Recollect, as soon as you reach the gorge you are covered by our artillery; one resolute charge, and all is won. You, students of Buda,

have the post of honor; remember that the happiness of the country you love so well depends upon the success of your arms! You will be supported by your companions, if necessary. Forward!"

Silently and swiftly the storming party, two thousand strong, advanced from the covering of the wood along the road that led to the pass; the head of the column consisted of the student Honvüds, led by their gallant leader, Major Csányi. I had command of the reserves, and as I rode up to support the attack, I noticed as the Major parted with his younger brother, that although there was a calm and determined look upon his features, yet there was almost a ghastly paleness. As I shook hands with him, he grasped my arm, and said in a voice tremulous with emotion—

"Farewell, my friend, but be as a brother to Ernest, for the remembrance of me!" It seemed like the voice of a dying man, and as I endeavored to cheer him, he replied, "God wills that this should be my last battle for beloved Hungary."

At this moment a roll of a drum was heard from the high ground occupied by the Austrians, and I was instantly followed by the roar of a gun, as a shell came hissing through the air and exploded in our ranks. The Austrians had discovered our movements, and were prepared!

With a loud shout Csányi sprang forward, his dark eyes flashing, and his noble, sinewy figure erect and firm as he led the way, followed by the Hungarians with loud "huzzas!" The moon shone brightly upon the road and the devoted band, as they rushed forward, and as I drew up the reserve party at the foot of the road, we could hear our artillery thundering upon the Austrians in the defile; but, although the sound carried hope into our bosoms, yet we knew it would be of little assistance to us in facing the road. With anxious eyes we watched the stormers as they crowded the pass, while the Austrians from the sides with shouts and jeers fired down upon them as they struggled to cut their way through the obstructions in the road; we could see the riflemen from their secure shelter pick off any officer they might see in the moonlight; far in the advance were the two brothers Csányi, desperately endeavoring to cut their way through an abatis which protected the field pieces that had been drawn up on the road and were sending their iron showers into the crowd of Hungarians. It was too much—the staggering, disordered battalions came rolling slowly back, carrying as they came their leaders. The next moment the human tide of men, answering the cry of the intrepid commanders, again rushed to the attack—again the pass was crowded—again the same iron storm of grape saluted them—again the skirmishers from above annoyed them; enraged at the fire from the concealed enemy on the rocks, we could see our comrades vainly endeavor to scale the rocky sides. There was the Professor, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire from beneath his spectacles, as he forced the points of bayonets and knives into the ley earth and clefts of the

rocks, and on this rude ladder dash wildly up; but at the same moment, by a blow from the stock of a musket, thrust back upon his followers below! Again the now thinned host came reeling back—the attempt was fruitless! Once more their energetic leader formed the column again, but before the trial was again repeated, a dozen Honvüds, headed by Ernest, ran swiftly forward with torches; the riflemen stretched half their number on the ground, but the rest, taught by the fatal experience, advanced in the shade until, with a wild cry, they applied the flame to the trees and palisades; the damp wood not kindling, they quickly set fire to their coats, and soon had the defences in a blaze. General Guyon, alarmed at the delay, hastened up to us, I reported to him the state of affairs, and requested permission to charge with the reserves, who were impatiently awaiting the order to rush forward. "No," he replied; "the reserves must, if possible, be spared for the final attack upon the gorge. Csányi, do you think you will be able to force the road without assistance?" "General," replied Csányi, "we will again try; I, for one, have retreated for the last time. There would be no doubt of our success, if we could drive the skirmishers from the heights; it is their fire upon our flank that prevents any perfect attack." By this time the fire had burnt partially through the defences, and nothing now remained between us and the Austrian guns. With a wild cheer the brave fellows again march forward, with their proud old banner waving before them at the same time I despatched two companies to scale, if possible, the sides of the road some distance below, which they did by means of several active fellows swinging themselves up by the aid of trees and rocks, and then assisting their comrades up; but while this was taking place the stormers had forced their way up to the mouth of the cannon, but harassed by the fire from above, which threw them into confusion, and suddenly attacked by a body of fresh Austrian infantry, they gave way; the few who bravely stood their ground were bayoneted or shot; thus through the dim smoke I saw the elder Csányi fall, pierced by an Austrian soldier. There was no time, however, to think or lament for the living or the dead, as we were ordered to charge; and with their cry of "Eljen! Eljen!" the battalions of the reserve dashed forward with their bayonets to the charge, and shoulder to shoulder they firmly pressed onwards, obliged to trample under foot friend and foe. The Austrians still annoyed us from the hills, and the grape fiercely ploughed its way through our compact ranks; still we struggled on, when a loud "huzza!" from the rocks on either side of us, gave the joyful news that our skirmishers were engaged hand to hand with the riflemen. Encouraged by this, with one bold sweep we closed with the Austrian infantry protecting the cannon. They did not, however, wait to cross bayonets, but broke and fled up the road, and in a moment the guns were seized and the road to the entrance of the defile won! Here, before advancing in the pass, we paused to reform the

columns; this being hastily done, we swept around the road into the defile. Our artillery on the crags had succeeded in forcing the Austrian batteries to retire, and had dismounted several pieces, but their ammunition failing, they were obliged to await the arrival of a fresh supply. This favorable opportunity had been taken by the enemy to again establish several guns in a position commanding the gap; behind them were drawn up in a solid body, five thousand infantry, a force fully equal to our own, while every advantage of the broken ground was taken by their sharpshooters. Such was the sight that met our view on entering the gap. One dreadful sheet of fire from the artillery and infantry greeted the column as it wheeled into the pass; the iron storm completely annihilated the leading ranks; but firmly advancing without faltering, we pressed on; again the rocky sides of the chasm echoed with the loud roar of the artillery, and the rolling of the musketry. For a few minutes the staggered and bleeding column held its ground, then crushed with the overwhelming odds, the broken ranks retreated. Again and again the attempt was made without success. It seems to me like a dream when I think of that horrid night—hoarse with shouting, wounded and despairing, I was possessed with but one all-engrossing desire—to advance—sometimes left standing alone with the dying and wounded, the maddening idea would come upon me to rush on alone and end my life! My brain seemed to be in a perfect chaos, when a thought flashed like lightning through my mind, rebuking the burst of passion that had overpowered me. Was this the Christian spirit that was worthy of the cause? Was I not allowing the brutal passions of war to overcome the persevering and resolute spirit of liberty? My calmness returned, and I again succeeded in arresting the broken battalions, and leading them to the attack; steadily on rolled the wave over all obstacles, beyond the cannon up to the very teeth of the infantry, who, firing a close volley, charged boldly upon us; in an instant the bayonets were fiercely crossed, but their superior numbers were too much; broken by the destructive fire they had received, our troops slowly retreated, followed by the exulting Austrians, defending as we went every inch of ground; at this moment young Csányi, who had escaped the slaughter, came up with an order for us to divide by sections to each side of the road. This was instantly done, and the main body, headed by General Guyon in person, came charging through our open ranks upon the Austrians; at the same time Jozadab's artillery reopened upon their close masses. There was a clash of steel, a wild, thundering "huzza!" from our ranks, as we broke through the enemy, scattering them in wild disorder among the woods and crags. The Defile of Branicko was won! Ten charges had been made before this bloody but important victory was achieved. It was about an hour later when I returned to the scene of strife; the flying enemy had within that time been chased beyond the mountains, and their camp, which lay

at the foot of the pass, carried by the victorious Magyars, and its defenders compelled to fly completely disorganized—the road to Eperies was, clear of the army, saved. It was with mournful footsteps that I retraced my way back in search of some surgeon to reset my arm. Why should I speak of the sickening sights of the battle field? Familiar faces that had often greeted me, were now rigidly set in death—hands whose warm grasp had frequently met mine, were stiff and cold—how my heart beat now that I had time to think of those terrific charges of the students. Should I again meet the chivalric Csányi whom I had seen fall, or his warm-hearted brother, the Professor, and the high-spirited Marx —, and B—? Who among them should I see again? Day-break had penetrated even into the dark and sombre gorge as I walked sorrowfully forward. A little group by the wayside attracted my attention—there, lying against the discolored snow and ice was the University standard, and around stood several of the students, their brave breasts heaving with sobs. Near by, General Guyon, with his head turned away as if to suppress his emotions, was leaning against a tree. As I approached he inquired kindly after my arm, and then motioned silently to the group. O God! may the recollections of that scene never fade from my memory; may I look back upon it, and learn the lesson of the true spirit of Christian patriotism and resignation! Stretched upon a pile of cloaks, lay the poor, gallant Csányi; all hope was over, and he must die.—Calmness, Christian hope, and faith, were stamped upon those death-like features. Leaning over him was his brother Ernest: his face, usually so gentle and resigned, had an unnatural, fierce and rigid look—it was the look of a heart that had been robbed of its only treasure. Beside him was the Professor, who had forgotten his wounds to give way to a passionate burst of grief. As I threw myself on the ground beside him, the dying soldier softly pressed my hand, and turning to his brother, continued: "Ernest, remember my last words; crush all the revengeful feelings which in your grief for me I know you cherish in your heart; be yourself, my dear brother, and do not let them triumph. Tell my father that I died true to Hungary, and as thou wilt do likewise if needed for our country's welfare. My dear friend," he continued, turning to me, as I sat overpowered with sorrow; "do not mourn for me; I am happy, but when I am gone, comfort and cherish my brother. Comrades!" exclaimed the dying Magyar, "why should you permit grief for me to overcome you? O! if you but knew how happy I am in knowing that God has mercifully called me away from you to his home! I leave you victorious and triumphant; the old banner of which we are all so proud has not been disgraced. See!" he exclaimed, as the bright morning sun breaking through the heavy clouds, gilded the top of the craggy peak with a golden light, and shone upon the glorious tri-color of Hungary as it waved over the artillery position—"Oh! my poor country, may it be a sign that the dark cloud

which has been hanging over you, is now clearing away before the light of liberty, and may it never more be oppressed by the foot of the Austrian. Gather around me, my friends, for my eyes grow dim; if I have ever harmed any of you, forgive me now; but oh! forget not to be faithful to our country, cherish her through dark despair, tribulation, and trial; desert her not; do not allow ambition, treachery, or suffering to divide those hearts which beat in a united throbb for liberty and our country. Hope on, for our dearly beloved Hungary shall yet be free and independent." He sank back exhausted, and with a farewell smile to his brother, his noble soul left for a happier and better world.

The deep sobs of those around, and the frantic grief of the lonely Csányi, called my wandering thoughts from the dead to the living. Little did I think as I checked the sorrow of Ernest, that he was to be chastened by long suffering, before his affectionate bosom was to cease to beat in anguish for the loss of brother, father, country, and home. The stone cross marks the grave of his brother among the wild flowers and mosses of Braniczko; his father's bones rest with those of the Martyr-patriots of the scaffold of Arad, and the deep billows of the Atlantic, ceaselessly roll with a wild music over the tomb of my Hungarian brother, Ernest Csányi!

## SLEEP.

BY MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY.

How sweet and holy is the hour  
When gentle Sleep exerts her power,  
The body in soft chains to bind,  
Leaving the spirit unconfin'd.

The darling baby on the floor,  
Enjoys the rattle box no more;  
His other playthings scattered wide,  
His head reclines on Carlo's side.

Placid and heavenly is the smile  
That plays about his lips the while!—  
Do little seraphs, glad and bright,  
Now dance before his spirit sight?

That verdant arbor, where sweet flowers  
Perfume the shady, fleeting hours;  
Conceals a treasure, richer far,  
Than rose, or gem, or e'en a star.

Light of their life, to parents dear,  
A maiden sits, and freed from fear,  
By gentle slumber she is bound;  
Her book has fallen to the ground.

Her golden ringlets intertwine  
With leaves and tendrils of the vine;  
The wavy sunlight kisses now,  
That lofty, clear, and gentle brow.

Her spirit, whither has it flown?  
To what far regions has it gone?  
Lives it again in childhood's hours,  
When streams were wonders, bright shells, flowers?

Or is it floating far and free,  
In the vast realms of the great To Be?

Painting each scene with magic power,  
Living blest ages in one hour?

The fire burns brightly on the hearth,  
The kitten grey resumes her mirth  
So coyly, with the woollen ball  
Which the staid matron has let fall.

Her eyes have sought the "Old Arm Chair;"  
Her sire sits sweetly sleeping there,  
Unmindful of the snowy gale,  
Deaf to the wintry wind's loud wail.

'Mid wildwood green, where purling streams  
Sport in the sunlight's golden beams;  
Where bright birds warble on the spray,  
The aged man pursued his way.

His angel wife is with him now,  
Her kisses fall upon his brow;  
To him a wondrous power is given  
To rise at will from Earth towards Heaven.

Freed from the clogs of human clay,  
His spirit soars with her away;  
It antedates the glorious rest  
It soon shall have among the blest.

Mysterious Sleep! Ah, who can tell  
What is thy influence, what thy spell—  
So potent, and so like to Death,  
Yet leaving vital warmth, and breath.

We bless thee, sweet and awful Sleep!  
'Mid trials hard, 'mid sorrows deep,  
Thou, gentle Angel, oft dost come,  
Telling of peace beyond the tomb.

## ONWARD.

Seek not thou the victor's glory,  
O'er his laurels tear-drops start,  
War engraves a mournful story  
On the homeless orphan's heart.  
Onward! onward!  
Thou canst bear a nobler part.

Sheathe thy sword, and furl thy banner,  
Let thy days with peace be rife,  
Not in tumult, war, and anger,  
Win the victory of life.  
Onward! onward!  
Be thy watchword in the strife.

JOTTINGS BY MY WINDOW SILL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

NO. V.—MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

I asked an aged man, with hoary hair, as he stood trembling between two years, what was Time?

"Time"—said he—"is the warp of life! O, tell the young and gay to weave it well!"

If the threshold of a new year is a thoughtful place, full of hope and promise, and full of reflection, too, how much more incentive to deep and holy prayer, how much more momentous, is the quiet hour in which the young and joyous mother kneels by the cradle and gazes down into the wondrous eyes of her darling babe! How she wishes that she could look down the vista of its futurity! How in her sensitive heart—like the pulsations—beat the fond and trusting emotions! Ah! as she kneels in the still twilight, and gazes into that baby face, and searches out with fond glances traits of beauty no other eyes can discern—should she not pray to God for strength and guidance? So that by her first early impressions and the watchfulness of Providence, guaranteed through her burning and never-ceasing prayers, he may become an ornament and a shining light in the world! So that he may stand out in the firmness and integrity of his character, in the might of his principles—journeying on through trials and temptations, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends and the coldness of the world—suffering everything but feebleness of purpose and the desolation of the soul's inner sanctuary—down to a triumphant death!

"The birth of a child is the imprisonment of a soul"—says a Bohemian proverb. "The soul must work its way out of prison, and in doing so, provide itself with wings for a future journey." Much depends on the mother whether its wings shall be those of an angel or a grub.

"The old monks of the middle ages," remarks a writer, "had a way of erasing the ancient writings from parchment, that they might substitute the legend of a saint for the work of Livy." But there is no art of monks, no device of chemists, no tear of repentance, which can blot from the child's mind the early impressions received from its mother. They strike through, like the red letters on our bank bills. The mind of a child is like a prepared daguerreotype plate, quick to receive impressions from surrounding objects—and from nothing so much so as from she who catches the first meaning look and moulds the first articulate sound—awakes the first impulses and directs the first inclinations. In boyhood, too, as much as in early infancy, when the child begins to study character, grow sensible of the consequences of its own actions, seeks applause and avoids censure—her superior judgment must aid to mature his own; her watchful eye detect and crush in embryo,

passions that would otherwise turn the heart to bitterness, and her admonitions secure him from evils his novitiate eyes would not as yet discern. It is a mother's power to inspire her children in early life, especially if she keeps the word of God in her hand as she proceeds, with a moral heroism which will make them proof against all the seductive influences of immorality and vice by which they may be surrounded; unmoved in the dignified consciousness of self-rectitude.

Religion never appears so lovely as when it adorns the lives and character of woman, at once the best and most beautiful of God's creatures. Man, absorbed in the turmoil of earth, and fettered by the golden chains forged by his avarice, is fearfully guilty for slighting the claims of religion; but gentle woman should never follow this example. No woman should be a mother unless she is sustained in her trials by the "unfaltering trust,"—the hope of Heaven.

A woman exerts more influence on the family than a hundred men. From her words and example flow influences that make an impression upon her children for time and eternity. "She in her office holds the key of the soul; she it is who stamps the coin of character, and makes the being who would be a savage but for her gentle care, a Christian man."

"O wonderful power! how little understood,—  
Entrusted to the mother's mind alone,  
To fashion genius, form the soul for good,  
Inspire a West, or train a Washington!"

There never was a great man, the elements of whose greatness might not be traced to the original characteristics and early influences of his mother.

Washington, the great warrior, statesman and patriot, the first President of our federal government, and one of the few who have been great without being criminal, owed all his success, his ennobling characteristics, his inherent principles of right, to the early instructions of his mother.

Napoleon, while at St. Helena, a monument of vicissitude, a Palmyric column of the past, an example of the decline of human greatness, remarked:—

"My excellent mother is a woman of courage and of talent. To the manner in which she formed me at an early age, I principally owe my subsequent greatness. My opinion is that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely on its mother."

One of the most original and vigorous poets of modern times, Ebenezer Elliot, the great Corn Law Rhymers, who from amid the buzz of wheels, the roar of blasting furnaces, and the lurid glare of molten metal, flung out his fiery stan-

zas to the world, owed his character and principles to his mother. When his dark eyes looked up inquiringly from the pillowed cradle, she was making her first impressions upon his young, susceptible heart. When he went forth in the glory of his manhood, she still counselled him with her wisdom. And when the world caught the fire of his genius, and his exquisite poem of "The Wonders of the Lane," stamped him as one of Albion's gifted sons, she would push aside the dark locks, flecked with silver, press her lips upon that high intellectual forehead, bronzed with the labor of the forge, and look up with pride into his glorious eyes.

The confessions from the catalogue of crime, apostrophes from the pages of history, the unmistakable voice of experience, the quiet yet firm convictions of the heart—are alike unanimous in attributing to the influence of the mother the responsibility of individual character in after years.

Addison as he stood, like "Manfred alone," within the Coliseum's walls, "midst the chief relics of almighty Rome," drinking in with his finely tempered and highly imaginative mind, all the glory of an Italian sunset, could have exclaimed:—

"Mother, mother!

How sweet it is to tell the list'ning night  
The name beloved! It is a spell of power  
To wake the buried slumbers of the heart,  
Where memory lingers over the grave of passion,  
Watching its entranced sleep!  
The thoughts of other days are rushing on me—  
The loved—the lost—the distant and the dead,  
Are with me now!"

A strange, unaccountable, dream-like beauty, came gliding into the hush of the heart; it nestled there, stilling its most tremulous throbbings, and filling it with the calm, peaceful memories of the far long ago. Back came trooping upon him the old memories, which had so long slumbered down in the unconsumed depths of his heart.

"The baying of the watch-dog beyond the Tiber" heightened the glow of recollection—and the brightest wish of his heart was to throw his arms around the neck of that fond, intelligent mother, who, with a patience that never tired, a self-denial that knew no end, a piety and sanctity which kindled in his heart the pure flame of devotion—a sympathy not obtrusive, and a consolation not officious—alleviated every pang of distress and guided him up to a glorious manhood. To her he was indebted for the position he occupied among England's cultured sons, and he wished that she was by his side, that, as the pale, soft moon rose higher and higher, he could tell in historic lore, scenes that along those broken arches and within the Caesar chambers and Augustan halls had been enacted.

It is not until Time—who seems to creep decrepid with old age when advancing along the dim aisle of the future, and before whom vanish the greatest schemes that human aid can forge or bold ambition dares to put in practice—it is not until Time, we say—

"In the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Hunts up the story of our days,"

That we forget fond memories of a mother.

**GOING TO NATURE.**—In going to Nature, we do not understand the practice so common now of changing trade for agriculture. To buy a plot of ground, and by study of the *American Agriculturist* and *Country Gentleman*, to bring from the unfertile ground abundant crops, is not going to Nature for refreshment, but for a change of cares. Even the farmer needs the relaxation which an idle stroll over his own fields, without a thought of their promise to his granaries, would give him. To forget all use for a moment even—to know that the cockle in the grain is beautiful, and the May-weed in the meadow is better worth contemplation than the grass it unprofitably displaces—that is freedom from care. What does it matter whether we work in wood or iron—whether we measure our goods for sale, or turn the turf for the seed? It is still self and selfish cares which we shape, and measure, and plant; but to listen to Nature—to see her and forget everything, save that beauty is given to the eye and melody to the ear—this is what Nature lures us to, and in accepting which, we find rest from the World.—Crayon.

**WITTY PEOPLE.**—A writer in the Southern Quarterly Review, has the following sensible remarks on wits by profession:

"The witty person, who is not spoiled, is the most agreeable character in society. Unfortunately, however, the rewards of wit are so great, it is so admired and appreciated, that few wits have heads strong enough not to be tempted into catering for admiration, trying to be witty. If a man says one or two good things; makes a few sparkling repartees, forthwith he has that most unfortunate reputation—the reputation of a wit—and half the people he meets are perpetually trying to draw him out; throwing down the gauntlet for him to take it up by some brilliant repartee. And how strong the temptation to try to fulfil such complimentary expectations; and then he may be amusing, but he ceases to be as agreeable, and he who tries to be witty is just as sure to fail often, as the corners which most papers of the day reserve for funny things, are sure to contain a great many stupid anecdotes. Theodore Hook was what we should call an amusing man. Charles Lamb an agreeable one.

**RULES FOR STUDY.**—Professor Davis, the eminent mathematician, in conversing with a young friend of his upon the importance of system in studying, as well as in everything else, took a piece of paper and wrote off for him the following important rules: 1. Learn one thing at a time. 2. Learn that thing well. 3. Learn its connections, as far as possible, with all other things. 4. Believe that to know everything of something, is better than to know something of everything.

## KNOW-NOTHING FARMERS.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

We had never lived upon a farm before, but the agent told papa it was very easy to learn to do so, and he would insure us splendid weather all the year round, with no mosquitoes or flies. And, as we were all crazy to live in the country, pa bought the place, and we came down. Swallow's-rest has been immortalized in song:

"Swallow-rest place is a farm-house old,  
Dank with grape-vine, and furrowed by age;  
In the turrets tall  
Of its chimney wall,  
The night-bat maketh his hermitage."

After the first few days of possession, we found everything charming, cool weather, and plenty of cherries and moonlight—but it waxed warmer; no blinds to the house, and we were obliged to use the shawls and table-covers to exclude the burning sun. In white wrappers we lounged, trying to keep comfortable, and wishing for night. But when darkness came, O! Luna and Nocturnal! The mosquitoes were named legion, and came in procession, singing their triumphal song. Their warfare is extremely barbarous; they hide on the outskirts and edges, and shoot in the dark their arrows at the enemy, never failing in their aim, and achieving a bloody victory.

We had no nets—at first we were inclined to give blow for blow, following the law of "a tooth for a tooth"—but the biters were not bit. We then tried covering our heads, but we almost suffocated; and finally, with proper meekness, turned our cheeks to the smiters, and bore heroically the bites and jeers of malevolent back-biters.

The next morning, we resembled a family just arrived at the measles. To add to our sore troubles, there was nothing for dinner.—Butchers came by but once a week. Churned four hours before the butter came; then it was too soft to work; put it down the well; the boy tipped the bucket over, and we drank watered milk, buttered on both sides, for several days after. Dug for potatoes, and found them as large as hickory-nuts, from some unknown agricultural cause. Neighbor Cole, to comfort us, says, "they will never be much larger; thinks it owing to want of attention."

We have commenced with one turkey hen, called "Deportment," a feminine Mr. Turveydrop, dignified and stately in demeanor, plumes herself upon her brown feathers, and devours all the food of her progeny, a *troupe* of long-legged, longer necked turks, whom we feed every half hour at the back door, which keeps them there in imminent danger of broken wings and back-sets in raising. Daily concert as follows, styled *Parodi* chimes:—"Prt, prt, err, err, pee-wee, cheops, pee-wee, cheops." A branch of the Chinese language; translation, "little chops." We have a Shanghai rooster, who appears to listen, with the deepest interest, to these inno-

cent prattlers. No doubt they call up in his brave breast, tender memories of Chang-wang. We have chickens, too; it occupied one whole day to name them appropriately; Old Maid, Tufty, Dominic, and Spec, being the only definite ones to us now. It is truly astonishing how much one hen resembles another. We talk of tying different colored ribbon on their necks, to establish their identity.

There is excitement on a farm. Yesterday caught a field mouse, a mole, and a *lusus naturæ*, in the shape of a huge moth butterfly, one of the most beautiful varieties. Another day it is a tree-toad that interests us, by continually changing the colors around him; he assumes every variety of hue. In blackberrying, we step into wild bees' nest, find young quails, and examine their soft brown feathers; they are most perfect specimens of young chickens in miniature. Become acquainted with every kind and species of toad, from little hop o' my thumb, to the five mile booted jumpers. We have a fine opportunity of studying entomology in the country; wasps, hornets, pinch-bugs, square bugs, round bugs, bugs of all shapes and sizes, some with wings, some without; some Medusa-headed, some Cyclops-eyed, some with eyes all around, some with none at all. We have given up reading or writing by lamp-light, for then every creeping thing, drawn by its cheering rays, comes out singing, "we won't go home till morning, till daylight doth appear."

Bugs are instinct with taste; they love the sweet and beautiful; therefore, the feminines of the family are objects of their especial admiration. Papa passes one half of every evening in an exterminating war, his colored handkerchief flying, his bald head beaming with benevolence, and bravery in the defence of the defenceless, shining in his visage. If I were to attempt to chronicle the different intonations of shrieks, interjections, and ejaculations of the ladies of the Swallow's-rest, under personal fears of these bug-bears, it would fill an eightmo volume. I decline the pleasure.

But with all our vexations, it is charming, at sun-set, to sit upon the porch, over-run with jessamine and sweet-briars, enjoying the quiet and fresh breeze. Last night a thunder-storm rose slowly upon the western horizon. Some clouds were bronzed and gilded; some, like pure white icebergs, floated in the blue sea. Mont Blanc appeared in a rose-colored haze. Others assumed fantastic shapes. Don Quixote, kneeling to Dulcinea, Aries, with his golden horns, and the Phantom Ship. Hercules, leaning upon his club, was very striking. Ghost-like figures were continually rising and fading in the dark blue. The Fates, Proserpine, and Neptune in his billowy home. We questioned, among ourselves, if it were not to these dim, uncertain illusions, Mythology owed her birth.

Then, the mornings are so deliciously fresh

and cool; it is worth four glasses of ice-water to drink it in at one mouthful. And mountain air and dew abound; of the latter, there is so much, that we never know *what* to do; if we weed, we are bedewed, and all my chintz wrappers are flounced with green borders, and won't wash out.

We brought old Tompkins down with us; he is a good, honest soul, and has no home; so papa took compassion on him, though mamma says he will be a great drawback, and reminds papa of the time when he was called away on urgent business, and left old Tompkins in charge of the store. A very heavy note came due the next day, and papa charged old T. not to fail to meet it for his life. The day after, papa returned, and a notice of the protested

note was the first thing handed him. "Why, Tompkins," he exclaimed, "you did not pay that note." "Why, no, sir—no, sir," ejaculated old T., in a great state of excitement. "I did not pay the note; but I'll tell you what I did, sir. I caught the confoundedest biggest rat you ever saw!"

Pa set him to hoeing the potatoes this morning, but I saw him run after a young bird soon after, and I'll be bound he's picking blackberries on the mound.

Wash day—bucket down the well—help in a fidget—sent five miles for a man to fish it out—children in the rye—cows in the corn. Old Tompkins screaming for help, having fallen from the cherry tree into the hog'shead of lye!

*Swallow's Rest, July 27th.*

## THE STUDY OF ENTOMOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM RODRICK LAWRENCE,  
CURATOR ENTOMOLOGY, CONNECTICUT SOCIETY NATURAL HISTORY.

Many valuable and pleasing lessons in ethics may be learned by studiously examining into the skill and ingenuity of insects; lessons which, if duly heeded, might prove of lasting benefit, and we are directed to the contemplation of these minute creatures by the wisest man the world ever saw, who undoubtedly passed many hours in investigating their natures and habits, culling therefrom flowers of wisdom, illustrating, as many of them certainly do, the value of industry, foresight, prudence, and even economy and frugality.

Insects are not only sources of good, but oftentimes of evil, in their depredations destroying many a field of grain, and ruining choice and valuable fruit trees. A correct knowledge of their habits and different modes of transformation, is requisite to guard against their ravages. An amusing anecdote is related of the German peasants, who, in their ignorance, took great pains to gather large quantities of the caterpillar of a very destructive moth, and bury them, which, Roesel good-naturedly remarks, is about the same as trying to kill a crab by immersing it in water, for numbers of them, having obtained their growth, were ready to pass into the chrysalis state, which they always do underground, the transformation being facilitated rather than retarded by the operation; the consequence being an unusual quantity of these destructive creatures the year following.

The best mode is to destroy the female fly before she has deposited her eggs, so far as this can be done; but in spite of every precaution, some species will prove unusually abundant and destructive some particular seasons, and hardly known the next. And then, again, they are limited to certain localities, quite circumscribed often, but usually their exploits cover a wide field, and unless something can be done to check them, devastating whole sections, and laying waste every green thing they light upon,

proving as numerous and destructive as the locusts of the East.

Entomological knowledge has done much toward preventing a recurrence of many evils incident upon the yearly visits of several very destructive species of insects, and if it were more generally studied, and the laws of nature, as displayed in the metamorphoses and habits of many of the most annoying species, wisely regarded, we should hear less about crops being annihilated, the poor suffering, and famines being feared, on account of the entire failure of a staple article of food, nipped in the bud by these insignificant, though destructive creatures.

Again, if better acquainted with their habits and pursuits, we might render them more subservient to our own happiness and advantage; for, as a popular entomologist wisely remarks, "How is it that the Great Being of beings preserves the system which he has created, from permanent injury, in consequence of the too great redundancy of any individual species, but by employing one creature to prey upon another, and so overruling and directing the instincts of all, that they may operate most where most wanted! We cannot better exercise the reasoning powers and faculties with which He has endowed us, than by copying his example. We often employ the larger animals to destroy each other, but the smaller, especially insects, we have totally neglected."

The same graceful writer says, in another place: "We may judge from the good effects that the arts have derived from the present very general attention to chemistry, how beneficial would be the consequence if entomology were equally cultivated; and I shall conclude this paragraph with what I think may be laid down as an incontrovertible axiom:—That the profit we derive from the works of creation will be in proportion to the accuracy of our knowledge of them and their properties."

And once more, "I trust I have now said enough to convince every thinking man that the study of insects, so far from being vain, idle, trifling, or unprofitable, may be attended with very important advantages to mankind, and ought at least to be placed upon a level with many other branches of science, against which such accusations are never alledged. Even in favor of the mere butterfly hunter—he who has no higher aim than that of collecting a picture of *Lepidoptera*, and is attached to insects solely by their beauty or singularity—it would not be difficult to say much. Can it be necessary to declaim on the superiority of a people amongst

whom intellectual pleasures, however trifling, are preferred to mere animal gratifications?"

But we must bring our article to a close, trusting we have not wearied the reader in attempting to convince him of the pleasure and utility derived from pursuing a science which has in this country few advocates, although naming among its warmest admirers, some of the highest names of which science can boast, such as Linne, Raumur, De Geer, Huber, Ray, Swammerdam, and Leuwenhoek, as well as other names of distinction; Dr. Thomas Young, Fusili, and Stothard, among artists, and last, though not least, Baron Cuvier.

## THE TEMPTATION.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

'Twas a dark winter's night, and the old year lay dying,

While fiercely and bitterly howled the keen wind,  
All summer-born things in a white shroud were lying,  
And naught but the stern and the rugged remained.

Alina sat lone, 'mid the shadows of even,  
The cold, leaden shadows that winter makes drear,  
And she shivered and wept, of all comfort bereaven,  
Bewailing the false ones she once held so dear.

The light and the warmth from the embers had vanished,

The light and the warmth had gone out from her soul;

The faith and the hope that no past ills could banish,  
Were freeing to death 'neath the present's control.

The blood in her veins to snow-water seemed turning;  
The tears on her bosom congealed as they fell;  
And then the hot flushes of feverish burning,  
Swept o'er the poor frame love had once cherished well.

A horrible sound came, her chilled senses shocking;  
Her thoughts from stagnation awaking once more,  
As the grim Wolf of Want, without pausing for knocking,

With a bound like a tiger's, leaped in at her door.

His famishing breath o'er her hollow cheek floated,  
His ravenous teeth and his terrible fangs

Were all ready to tear, while his eyes on her gazed,

Already she writhed as if feeling death's pangs.

Hark! softly and sweetly strange music is stealing,  
And on through the darkness there comes a bright form,

Whose beautiful face showed compassionate feeling.

"I come," said the vision, "to feed thee and warm."

"I come," said the vision, "to cheer thee and love thee,

To bear thee afar from this wilderness nest

To pleasure and plenty; Oh! trust in me—prove me—  
My home shall be thine, and thy pillow my breast."

Then whispered the voice that forever is dwelling

In every true heart, both in sorrow and joy;

"Beware," said the whisperer, silently telling,

"His name is the Tempter—he seeks to destroy."

"Lord, save, or I perish!" Alina entreated,

And to the grim *Wolf*, from the stranger she fled.

The *Wolf* guards her *still*—for the stranger re-treated,

Nor cares if Alina be living or dead.

## THE RUINED CHURCH.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

The winds of autumn wildly mean  
The vestibule within;  
And lying on the threshold stone  
The broken doors are seen.

The ivy round each Gothic arch  
In rich festoons descends;  
And by the broken stile, the larch  
Its branches sadly bends.

No longer with a winning zest  
Float church-bell chimes along;  
The swallow, with her matted nest  
Has bound its iron tongue.

The sunbeams, as of erst, with smiles,  
Lie on the pulpit old,

Or through the dim monastic aisles  
Trace out a path of gold.

Though no longer the deep gush  
Of worship fills the air,  
There lingers in the solemn house  
A spell as sweet as prayer.

When gazing on a dream long past,  
Of hope, and love, and pain,  
And joy, and bliss which could not last,  
And may not come again,—

May as sweetly in the heart's cell,  
Though all seems cold and still,  
A spell divine as lovely dwell  
That time can never chill!

## PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Have you come to a decision, Mrs. Bradford?"

"Yes, sir." This was meant to be firmly spoken; but there was a low tremor in the soft, sad voice of the pale young woman, in widow's weeds, who answered, that betrayed more feeling than she wished to manifest.

"You will let Edward come."

"Excuse me sir, I—I—"

"Oh, very well! very well!" said the visitor, in an impatient tone of voice. "Just as you please, ma'am." And he arose quickly, and commenced buttoning his coat across his breast. "It's a matter of indifference to me—wholly so. As an old friend of Mr. Bradford's, I thought it but right to make this offer for the benefit of his son. Not that it is of any special importance to me; for I can have my pick of a dozen lads quite as bright as your boy, and as well suited for my purpose. To Edward I have given the preference, out of regard to his father. You decline my offer to take him, and that ends the matter. I have done my duty."

Mr. Gardiner—that was the man's name—turned partly away, and made a step towards the door. Mrs. Bradford, instead of seeking to prevent his abrupt departure, shrunk deeper in the chair that supported her slender person. How strong a contrast presented between the two; one a stout, confident, easy-to-do in the world, self-reliant man; the other a weak, almost friendless, sad and desponding woman.

With his hand upon the door, Mr. Gardiner paused, and looked back, half proudly upon the sorrowing widow of his early friend, whose eyes, cast down, ventured not to meet his gaze.

"Think again, ma'am," said he coldly, almost severely.

"I have thought it all over, Mr. Gardiner," was answered in a firmer voice than the man expected to hear. At the same moment the eyes of Mrs. Bradford were lifted to his face. Steadily she gazed, until his eyes fell to the floor.

"I have thought it all over," she repeated, "and my decision has not been made without a long and painful struggle. For your kind preference, believe me, I am grateful; and I thank you for it in the name of him who, when living, you called your friend. But, I cannot accept the advantage you offer my son."

"Good morning, ma'am." The words were said abruptly, almost rudely. A moment after, and the door closed heavily.

"Mother," said a lad, who, until now, had remained a silent observer of what passed between his mother and her visitor, "why won't you let me go to Mr. Gardiner's? I'm sure he offered us very fair. Three dollars a week for the first year; and after that, as much more as I might be worth to him. That was what he said."

Edward had come to the side of his mother; and stood looking quite soberly into her face. It was clear, from the tone of his voice, that he was not pleased with her decision.

"I don't believe I'll ever have as good an offer again. He wanted me, and said he'd do well by me;" added the boy pettishly.

"I have not declined this proposition of Mr. Gardiner's without good reason, Edward." Mrs. Bradford spoke with gentle earnestness, and there were tears in her eyes as she lifted them to the fine, manly face of her son.

"I'll never have another chance like this," said Edward.

"A chance for what?" asked his mother.

"Mr. Gardiner is a rich man," said the boy.

"I know he is," was answered.

"He's doing a large business."

"Yes."

"And he promised to do well by me."

"He did. And yet, Edward, it was best for me to decline his offer; and the day will come, I trust, when you will see this as clearly as I do."

The boy was far from being satisfied. The necessity for entering upon some employment was imperative; that he clearly understood, and his mind was made up to do his part bravely. Two places were offered for his acceptance, one in the large, wholesale store of Mr. Gardiner, and the other in the counting room of a Mr. Lee, a young man of small means, who had just started a commission business. Mr. Lee could offer no salary for the first year; and this was a serious drawback, for Mrs. Bradford's income was exceedingly limited—insufficient in fact, for the comfortable maintenance of herself and son.

In deciding between the two situations offered to Edward, she had suffered a strong conflict. The fairest promise of worldly advantage for her son, was on the side of the rich merchant; but, she had no confidence in his principles. That he lacked integrity of character, and, in business, was guilty of practices which her clear sense of what was right between man and man, hesitated not to class as dishonest actions, she knew through her husband, who had become attached to him early in life, but in later years had withdrawn himself from an intimate association.

James Lee was the younger brother of a very dear friend, and a man of different stamp from Gardiner. He had been carefully educated—morally as well as intellectually—and bore the reputation, among all with whom he had any intercourse, of a just man. This was the reason why Mrs. Bradford decided to place Edward in his care, instead of accepting the more advantageous offer of Mr. Gardiner. In looking to the future of her child, she had a regard for something more permanent, more to be desired,

and more soul-satisfying, than wealth or position. Of all things, she wished to see him grow up a true man. Not a mere self-seeker; not one who, to elevate himself, would coldly tread down the weak, or wrong the helpless and ignorant. She had tried to make Edward comprehend the wide difference between the character of these two men, and the great injury he might sustain in coming under the influence and control of Mr. Gardiner. But Edward saw only the worldly advantage that was promised, and perceived in his mother's objections only idle fears.

Thus was Mrs. Bradford's trial made only the more severe. If there had been cheerful, or even dutiful acquiescence on the part of her son, her feelings on the occasion would have been of a less painful character. But she was resolute. The place offered by Mr. Lee was accepted, and Edward entered his counting room, simply in obedience to his mother's wishes.

When it became known among the friends of Mrs. Bradford, that she had refused to let Edward go into Mr. Gardiner's store, she was severely blamed. A brother of her late husband said many harsh things to her on the subject; and some that she felt to be insulting. But she did not waver, even though family estrangements followed, and she was left still more alone in the world.

One of the false views of life which Mrs. Bradford had now, under the teaching of stern necessity, to unlearn, was, that for a woman to work for many had in it something degrading. From childhood up to this period, all things needful for life and comfort had been provided for her by the hands of others. Father and husband had kept her above the sphere of care as to what we shall eat, or what we shall drink, or wherewithal be clothed; and insensibly she had come to feel something like contempt for all women who were compelled to toil for the bread that perisheth.

How all was changed now. The mother's pure love lifted her out of this obscurity, and she saw a meaning in the words that pronounced him greatest of all who became servant of all, that never before came even dimly to her perceptions. All hopes, all aspirations, all purposes in life, were now terminated in the future welfare of her son; and for his sake she was ready to do and sacrifice all that a true and loving heart can do and sacrifice in this world.

As Edward would receive nothing for the first year, and as the meagre remnant of property that survived to her after the settlement of her husband's estate, was insufficient for the support of herself and son, Mrs. Bradford now began to revolve in her mind the ways and means of procuring an additional income.

"What shall I do?" How earnestly, even tearfully, did she ask this question. How earnestly and tearfully is it daily asked by thousands, who, like Mrs. Bradford, are thrown upon the world, and made wholly dependent on their feeble resources! Yet to whom comes a clear, confident answer?

The education of Mrs. Bradford had not been thorough. A little of almost everything taught in fashionable schools she had learned; yet nothing had been so fully acquired as to give her a teacher's proficiency. She had a fair acquaintance with French, and could speak it with some fluency; but possessed no critical knowledge of the language. She could draw tolerably well; but had no taste for the beautiful art. For years her music had been neglected. So far, therefore, as her early education was concerned, it availed her little or nothing in the present trying position of affairs.

"What shall I do?" How sadly, almost hopelessly, over and over again did Mrs. Bradford repeat these words; and yet there was not even an echo to the question.

One day it was mentioned in her presence that the Matron of a certain charitable institution had resigned her place, and that the board of Directors were about appointing another. It flashed through her mind that here was a chance for her; but, with the thought pride awoke, and her cheeks burned as she imagined herself in the position of a Matron where she had once been a lady patroness. For a time she shrunk away into herself, and pushed the thought afar off. But turn which way she would, no light from any other quarter broke through the clouds that gathered above her, black as midnight.

Nearly a month had gone by since Edward entered the counting room of Mr. Lee. From the beginning, he had looked sober, and seemed spiritless. To him the present was cheerless, and the future lured him on with no bright promise. A school companion, named Henry Long, had obtained the situation with Mr. Gardiner, and it so happened that the two lads met almost every day. Their conversation naturally turned upon their relative positions; and the contrasts which were drawn, always left Edward's mind in a state of dissatisfaction. The business of Mr. Gardiner was very heavy, his employees numbering over one hundred; while in the store and counting room of Mr. Lee were only Edward and a porter. Mr. Lee kept his own books, Mr. Gardiner was, moreover, a "liberal" man—generous towards his clerks, and not over particular in regard to them, provided they were always in place and active during business hours. There was in the whole operations of his large establishment, an imposing progression, which, in contrast with the intermitting and lighter operations of the young commission merchant, made the latter appear in the eye of Edward, almost contemptible.

He came home one evening, after one of his talks with Henry Long, considerably fretted at what he chose to think the great injustice practised by his mother in refusing to let him accept the place which had been offered by Mr. Gardiner. On that very day, a favorable answer had been received by Mrs. Bradford to her application for the situation of Matron in an Orphan Asylum.

She had not spoken to Edward on the subject, and he had no suspicion of what was in her

mind. How to break it to him, was now the subject of her thoughts. That he would oppose her, she knew; and the more strongly, because it involved the breaking up of their home. And was it just to him for her to do so? That was still a question, ever recurring, though answered over and over again—conclusively, the mother tried to think.

Edward came in with his usual quiet step. There was no smile on his lip as he glanced into his mother's face; and though she tried to smile an evening welcome home, there was only a feeble ray upon her countenance that soon faded.

"Edward," said Mrs. Bradford, as they were about leaving the tea-table, almost compelling herself to introduce a subject that could no longer be kept back,—"we shall have to make a change in our mode of life."

The boy looked at her inquiringly.

"I need not say, my son, that we are very poor," she added; "too poor even to maintain our present style of living."

"Well, mother, whose fault is it?" Edward spoke coldly—nay, severely.

"I do not charge it as the fault of any one," answered Mrs. Bradford.

"I do, then," was the quick response. Accusation and rebuke, both, were in the boy's tones.

"Upon whom?" The mother looked him firmly in the face.

"It is your fault!" said he.

"Edward!"

"I cannot help it, mother. But for your refusal to let me accept the offer of Mr. Gardiner, I might now be receiving three dollars weekly, which would help a great deal."

"In that small gain would have been, I fear, the seed of an infinite loss, my son." The voice of Mrs. Bradford trembled, and her eye grew suddenly dim.

"Uncle Bradford said that was all a woman's silly notion, and I believe him."

Edward uttered this with a cruel thoughtlessness, and his words pierced the heart of his mother. A little while she looked with a rapidly changing countenance into his face—looked half timidly, but oh! so sorrowfully; and then leaning down until her forehead rested upon the table at which she sat, sobbed out loudly, while her body shook as with a convulsion.

Touched, but not subdued by this effect of his hard words, Edward arose and commenced walking the room hurriedly. Gradually Mrs. Bradford regained possession of her feelings, and, in a few minutes, was able to command her voice entirely.

"I have looked to your good alone, my son," said she; "and time will prove that I did not err in accepting the place you have, instead of the one offered by Mr. Gardiner. Do your mother at least the justice to believe that she was governed by no selfish consideration. But to recur to what I wished to say in the beginning. We are too poor to retain even this humble home. Providentially, however, in this our extremity, a way has been opened. This afternoon I received notice that I was appointed

Matron in the ——— Orphan Asylum. The salary is five hundred dollars."

Edward's face flushed suddenly, and then grew pale as ashes. He had continued walking the floor with uneasy step, but now he stood still, gazing upon his mother with a strange, doubting, startled look.

"With this income," she added, "and no expense of rent or housekeeping, I shall be able to support you comfortably, until your services in Mr. Lee's counting-room command a salary. The only drawback in the matter is the giving up of our home."

The whole manner of the boy underwent a change. Without speaking, he moved across the room to where his mother still sat, and, bending down, laid his head upon her bosom, and burst into tears. Not only was his pride wounded at the thought of her taking the place of a matron in an orphan asylum; he was touched by so strong a manifestation of her self-sacrificing love for him. And he had, moreover, an oppressive sense of loneliness—homesickness it might almost be called—as the idea of separation from his mother presented itself vividly.

"You will not go there, dear mother," he sobbed, lifting his tearful face from her bosom.

"It would be wrong, under present circumstances, for me to refuse the offer," was the quiet answer.

"You cannot do it—you must not do it, mother!" Edward spoke with rising warmth.

"There is no alternative, my son."

"Don't say so, mother. Wait, wait."

"Wait for what, Edward?"

"I can, I will earn something. I must support you; not you support me. My hands are ready and my heart willing. No—no—you shall not go there."

"Mr. Lee cannot pay you a salary at present."

"Then I must find some one who can," was the resolute answer.

"I do not wish you to leave Mr. Lee's service. I know it will be best for you in the end to remain with him," interposed Mrs. Bradford.

"I cannot work, starving," said the lad, bitterly.

"Calm yourself, Edward." The mother spoke earnestly and tenderly. "Trust something in my judgment. Time will prove to you that I am right in what I propose to do."

"Right to take from me my home?" said the boy, with a mournfulness in his voice that thrilled on his mother's heart-strings, and startled in her mind a new train of thoughts. Yes, it would be taking from him his home, poor and humble though it was; for when she entered upon the Matron's duties, he would go in among strangers; and who could tell whether the new relations into which he must come, would be for good or evil?

And now, Mrs. Bradford's purpose, so firmly settled, began to waver.

"You have not yet accepted the offer," inquired Edward, after his excitement of feeling had in a measure subsided, and thought began to flow on in a clearer current.

"No, but I will be expected to give an answer at once."

"Can it be put off until the day after to-morrow?"

"It might."

"Then don't say yes, to-morrow; don't, mother! Promise me, won't you?"

"But what will it avail, my son?"

"Only wait, mother," urged the lad eagerly. "Say that you will wait."

"I need not give the answer to-morrow; and if you so earnestly desire it, I will not."

Edward said no more, but from that moment his thoughts were indrawn, and he remained during the evening in a state of deep abstraction. All the powers of his young mind he was taxing for a solution of one of life's intricate problems. He was in a more tranquil, hopeful state on the next morning; for he had come to a decision, and that was, to tell the story of his mother's extremity, and ask from Mr. Lee either the payment of a salary, or a release from his engagement.

Mr. Lee heard his story, and it awakened a strong interest in favor of the lad, for was a man of generous sympathies. But the question of paying Edward a salary was one that he could not easily decide. His business was only in its forming stage, and in commencing it, he had graduated his expenses to the very lowest scale. It was part of his calculation to do without a clerk for the first year; and to take an office boy, who would be compensated for his services during at least that period by the knowledge of business he would acquire. This economical arrangement of his affairs was not, in any sense, the offspring of mean cupidity; nor was it grounded in a principle of injustice to others. It was only a measure of prudence, the dictate of a clear judgment. "Little boats keep near the shore," was one of his safe axioms.

"I will think about this, Edward," he answered, kindly, after the boy had told his story, "and see what can be done. I like your manly spirit, and right feeling towards your mother."

There was something so cheerful and encouraging in Mr. Lee's voice, that the lad felt his heart bound with hope. The fact was, on this very morning, the young commission merchant had received a letter from a large manufacturing establishment at the East, notifying him of a handsome consignment of goods, and promising to keep him supplied. The goods were in demand, and sales could be made to some of the best houses in the city. From this source alone, his profits would be several hundred dollars in the year.

Mr. Lee was not one of those men whose sympathy for others grows narrower, as the dawn of a more prosperous day begins to break along the murky horizon.

"I am glad for his sake, as well as for my own," was the thought which flitted through his mind, after Edward had told his story, "that a favorable change in business prospects has just occurred. I can now afford to pay him something; and I will do it. A lad with such a spirit deserves encouragement."

VOL. VI.—18.

As Edward was about leaving the counting-room at dinner time, Mr. Lee said to him:

"I have been thinking over what you told me this morning, and I have every disposition to meet your wishes. My business, as you know, is yet small, and the income from it limited. But I have just received some better consignments, with the promise of liberal shipments of goods, from a large manufactory. Yesterday, I do not think your application would have met with a favorable answer. Now I can offer you a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars for the first year."

Tears sprang to the lad's eyes, and he could not restrain the impulse that prompted him to seize the hand of Mr. Lee.

"Oh! I am so glad!" he exclaimed, as a light broke over his face.

"But that sum," added Mr. Lee, "will not go far towards supporting yourself and mother."

"Mother has a small income; and this will help very much. I think she can make it do."

Mr. Lee mused for some moments. "I've been thinking since you spoke to me this morning—"

Mr. Lee paused, and seemed turning something over in his mind, that was not altogether clear to him.

"I've been thinking, perhaps, you might do a something for yourself," he at length said. Edward's face brightened.

"There are some little articles in which you might trade safely. In breaking bales of goods, for instance, pieces of rope and bagging accumulate. For these odds and ends there is a sale. I know two or three stores where you can buy the article, and I know where you can sell it at a small advance. It will take so small a portion of your time and attention that I can have no objection, and the matter is so simple and safe that you will run no risk."

The light faded from the boy's face; observing which, Mr. Lee said:

"It does not strike you favorably."

"I have no money to buy with," was the dispirited answer.

"Oh, as to that," came the cheerful response; "no very large capital will be required. Ten or fifteen dollars will start you in the business, and I can supply that."

"You are very kind, sir," was Edward's grateful answer. A few moments he stood with his eyes bent upon the floor—then moving away he left the counting-room, and hurried home to communicate the good news to his mother.—As he ascended the stairs, leading to the apartments they occupied, he heard the voice of a man in his mother's room, and on opening the door, his eyes fell upon the cold face of his uncle Bradford. A brief and distant greeting took place, and then the visitor said to the widow of his brother:

"The salary is a liberal one, and will make you very comfortable. I am glad you were so fortunate as to secure the appointment. You may not know that you are in a good measure indebted to me for your success. I made interest for you in an influential quarter."

"Mother is not going there," said Edward, abruptly. He was unable to keep back the words that leaped to his tongue.

Mr. Bradford turned suddenly upon the boy, and scowled darkly.

"Not going where?" he asked.

"Not going to be a Matron in an Orphan Asylum," answered Edward firmly.

"She isn't, ha!" Mr. Bradford's lip had a sneer upon it; and he looked first at the boy and then at his mother.

"No, sir, she isn't going." And Edward stood up and returned the gaze of his uncle with so steady a look, that Mr. Bradford felt irritated beyond measure.

"Oh, very well," said he, in an offended voice—"very well—if you are master here, I have nothing to say." And he arose, and took two or three hurried steps across the room. At the door he paused and glanced back towards Mrs. Bradford, who looked bewildered, and almost frightened at the unexpected rencontre, so to speak, between Edward and his uncle.

"It's no use, I find," said he, speaking severely, "for me to try to do any thing for you. My advice has not been taken in a single instance since my brother's death; and now I shall just let you go your own way. You were silly enough to refuse Mr. Gardiner's excellent offer to take Edward. There isn't a more advantageous place in the city—his fortune would have been made. I'm out of all patience with you! But, gang y'r ain gait—gang y'r ain gait! It will be all the same to me. And just bear this in mind—don't call on me to help you out of any of the troubles your stupidity may create."

And Mr. Bradford went off in a passion, leaving the widow in tears.

"Don't cry, mother dear—don't cry," said Edward, tenderly, coming to the side of his weeping parent, and laying his face to hers. "You're not going to the Asylum. Mr. Lee says he will pay me one hundred and fifty dollars for the first year, and that is as much as Mr. Gardiner promised. He spoke very kindly to me; and said he would show me how I could trade a little for myself, and make a few dollars now and then. Oh, mother! I feel such a weight taken from my heart."

Mrs. Bradford could not answer in words, but she drew the boy's face tightly to her breast, and kissed over and over again, fervently, his pure white forehead.

"Mr. Lee is a true man," she said, when she could trust herself to speak. "He is not rich, like Mr. Gardiner; but he has a larger heart, my son."

Edward raised himself up, and looked earnestly at his mother. Her words seemed to have light in them, and made things clear which were before in obscurity.

"A kind, true heart, Edward," the mother added, "is worth more than gold; and you can trust it better."

"Mr. Lee has a kind, true heart," said the lad, speaking as if to himself.

"That I have known for years, Edward," answered his mother; "and he has not only a

true heart, but just and honorable principles. It was for this reason that I decided against Mr. Gardiner and in his favor. I knew it would be better for you in the end to be under his care; and, already, this is becoming apparent even in your eyes."

Serious thought was now given by Mrs. Bradford to the subject of accepting or declining the appointment which she had just received.—Would it be right for her, under the circumstances, to refuse an offer of five hundred dollars a year? Another such opportunity would hardly again occur. If she did refuse, the act would estrange certain friends who had interested themselves in her behalf; and in case of future extremity, no dependence could be placed on their kind offices. As these, and other considerations were revolved, her mind came into a bewildered state; and she was sorely oppressed by doubts. Edward opposed her acceptance, and begged her not to take from him his home, humble and obscure though it might be.

"I will live in a garret with you mother," he said. "Any where—I will be contented with poor food and plain clothing, until I grow older."

If the thought of Mrs. Bradford had in any respect turned inwards upon herself—if, in thinking of a clear income of five hundred dollars a year, her imagination had pictured a condition of freedom from care and worldly anxieties, every selfish impulse was stifled now.—"What will be best for my boy?" That was the earnestly asked question, and upon that turned a decision of the case. Clearly, now, she saw the dangers to which Edward would be exposed, if removed from her loving care—her watchful guardianship—and she wondered within herself that this had not vividly presented itself before.

"We will remain together, my son," were her calmly spoken words, after all was decided in her mind; "and if we can only get bread to eat and water to drink, we will share them, and be thankful that the worse evil of separation is yet far from us."

Both mother and son had passed through what to them was a fiery trial, but now they saw with a purer vision; now they felt stronger to endure, and had a better hope for the future.

When the purpose of Mrs. Bradford was made known to her friends, and they became aware of the slender support she had chosen, instead of the comfortable income which had been offered for her acceptance, they were greatly displeased, and censured her strongly—even going so far as to charge her with lack of energy, and insinuating that both pride and indolence had conspired to effect her decision. She bore the storm meekly, for she knew that the words of self-justification she could speak would not be understood. Estrangement from her husband's relations was the consequence, and an almost total exclusion from the old social circles.

Patiently and hopefully she bore all this, for her earnest, self-devoted love for Edward gave clearness to her vision, and she saw that she was moving in the right way. Very poorly did they live on their slender income, but day after

day was the widow's heart made glad by the knowledge that her son was gradually learning to estimate truly the character of Mr. Lee, and to imbibe from him those higher principles of action by which his own life was governed.— True to his promise to Edward, the latter had not only advanced him a small sum of money to purchase certain articles in which he might freely traffic, but had advised him where and how to buy, and where to sell. From this source the lad was soon in receipt of light profits, that were never, from the beginning, less than five or six dollars a month; all of which was given to his mother.

One evening Edward said to his mother: "Henry Long told me something about Mr. Gardiner to-day that don't seem to me just right. I'm sure Mr. Lee wouldn't have done such a thing."

"What was it, my son?" asked Mrs. Bradford.

"Henry, in looking over an account which a merchant from the country had just settled, discovered an error of a hundred dollars against the merchant. He showed it to Mr. Gardiner, saying as he did so, 'Mr. — told us that he wouldn't leave, until six o'clock this afternoon. Shall I go round to the hotel and see him about it?'"

"No!" was Mr. Gardiner's answer. "Let him find it out himself, which he will do if he is sharp enough; and if he is not, he deserves to lose it."

"That is dishonest," said Mrs. Bradford, with much gravity of manner.

"So I told Henry; but he laughed, and said Mr. Gardiner was keen, and knew how to take care of number one."

"And did Henry Long make so light of a wicked action? I thought better of him than that, my son."

"He wouldn't have made light of it, I am sure, when we went to school together.— Then he was a very honorable boy."

"Evil communications corrupt good manners. There must, then, be something wrong in his associations."

"I'm afraid so," said Edward.

"Does it not occur to you in what direction this may lie?"

Edward looked thoughtful.

"If a man in Mr. Gardiner's position makes light of dishonesty, is there not danger in coming within the sphere of his influence? If the principal in a large establishment manifests no just regard for the rights of others, what is to be expected from his subordinates? Believe me, Edward, there is great danger in being in the service of such a man. And now, I am sure you can begin to see how grave my reasons were for not permitting you to accept the offer he seemed so kindly to make."

What a glow of pleasure warmed the bosom of Mrs. Bradford as her son expressed strongly his abhorrence of Mr. Gardiner's principles, and said that he hoped ever to be thankful that he had a mother who was wise enough to save him from the influences of such a man.

Time passed on. Mr. Lee's business steadily

increased, though not rapidly. He was active, prompt, and honorable in dealing, thus securing a good reputation in business circles. At the end of a year he was able to increase Edward's salary to three hundred dollars, and so intelligent had the lad become in such matters of trade as were permitted to him on his own account, that he added two hundred dollars to this income during the second year he was with the young commission merchant. From this time, the widow and her son, though still in obscurity, and overlooked by friends who should have stood by them in their hours of need, and encouraged them as they passed through the trials of adversity, had not only all things needful for comfort, but enjoyed a measure of happiness that is meted out to but few.

The years now glided by with a fleet motion. Mr. Lee's business steadily increased. His strictly honorable dealings had become widely known; and every season he received new and more valuable consignments. For Edward, he had from the beginning felt a true interest. Very careful was he to instill just principles into his mind, and to demonstrate the fallacy of the bad maxim so widely prevalent, that no man can conduct business successfully at the present day, and be strictly honest.— Success, he always maintained, was dependent on a thorough knowledge of the business in which a man engaged, united with untiring industry. "This," he would say, "is the only safe road in which to walk. All others are full of danger." Every year he continued to increase the salary of Edward; for every year he became of more value to him.

It was just seven years from the day on which Mrs. Bradford declined the offer of the rich merchant to take her son into his service. Circumstances were considerably altered. Edward's salary was enabling her to live in more comfort, and some of her old friends were beginning to approach again. Of these was the mother of Henry Long, the boy who had taken the place at Mr. Gardiner's. Henry had grown up a gay, dashing young man; and it was plain to all close observers, that in his contact with the world, he had soiled his garments.

Mrs. Long, rather a worldly-minded woman herself, did not seem clearly conscious of the change for the worse that was steadily progressing. Henry had a manly, confident way about him, that gratified her vanity; and he adroitly deceived her in many things that a truer-hearted woman would have known by an unerring instinct. Mrs. Long had called twice upon Mrs. Bradford; and the latter, who did not much care to renew the acquaintance, felt that it was hardly kind not to return a visit. So, one fine morning, she rung the bell at Mrs. Long's door. The servant who admitted her had a frightened look, and exclaimed as soon as the door was closed—"Oh ma'm! go up quickly to Mrs. Long. I don't know what ails her!"

"Is she sick?" was Mrs. Bradford's anxious inquiry.

"Something's the matter. She's in a dreadful way," answered the servant. "A man left

a letter for her just now; and as soon as she began to read it, she turned as pale as death, and fell right down on the floor. I got her on the bed, and she's lying there now, moaning and crying, oh, so dreadfully! Do go up and see her. I don't know what to do."

Mrs. Bradford went hastily up to the chamber of Mrs. Long. As she opened the door, the groans that fell upon her ears, were so full of anguish, that every nerve thrilled with pain. Crouching down upon the bed, with her face pressed into and hidden on a pillow, lay the friend she had called to visit, shivering as if in a strong ague-fit. Going quickly to the bedside, she placed her hand upon Mrs. Long, and repeated her name. The suffering woman did not seem to feel the touch, nor hear the voice.

"Mrs. Long! Mrs. Long!" The call was repeated in a low, earnest, penetrating voice; but the only response was a moan more full of anguish.

"My friend! Mrs. Long!"  
It availed not. Her ears seemed deaf—her senses all indrawn.

"What great trouble has come upon you so suddenly, my friend?" Very tenderly did Mrs. Bradford speak, bending her face low to the ear of the wretched woman. There was a half smothered murmur of words.

"It is Mrs. Bradford," said the visitor.  
The hands of Mrs. Long were instantly waved backward with a repelling motion.

"Think of me as a true friend—as an earnest sympathizing friend."

"Mother! Mother! send for my mother," was the sufferer's answer. And again she waved her hand for Mrs. Bradford to leave her.

Delicacy forbid further intrusion on the part of Mrs. Bradford. Leaving the room, she made known the wish of Mrs. Long to have her mother, who lived near by, sent for, and went back to her own home, deeply pained at the scene she had witnessed, and wondering what it could mean.

When Edward came home that evening, he said to his mother the moment he entered:

"A dreadful thing has happened here to-day."

"What?" was the quick inquiry.

"Henry Long sailed in the English steamer at twelve o'clock, after having robbed his employer of more than a hundred thousand dollars."

"Oh no, Edward! Impossible!"

"It is too true."

"But he could not abstract so much money at one time."

"No, but the frauds on the house have been going on, as is alleged, for years. This morning he was sent to collect some large drafts, and make heavy deposits, the whole amounting to over forty thousand dollars. Instead of making the deposits, he bought bills of exchange, and left for Europe in the steamer."

"Dreadful! Dreadful!"

"In consequence of this large abstraction of money, Mr. Gardiner was unable to meet his payments to-day, and called a hurried meeting

of creditors. We had sold him some goods, and Mr. Lee was present at the meeting. And, what do you think he says? Why that it is the strong impression of nearly all his creditors, after hearing his story, that he is a partner in the guilt of his clerk."

"Oh, Edward! Edward!"  
A shade of fear went darkly over the mother's face, as she remembered how near she had been to yielding to the strong pressure that was on her, and consenting that her son should take the place afterwards filled by Henry Long.—  
"Thanks to my heavenly Father, for giving me the strength to endure!" was her fervent heart-ejaculation.

"The failure, that comes in consequence of Henry's crime, will be a very bad one. False entries were exhibited, (too quickly discovered some think,) showing the abstraction of over sixty thousand dollars, besides the heavy sum taken to-day. If the creditors get thirty cents in the dollar, it will be a large dividend on the effects produced by Mr. Gardiner."

"Then he may be a worse man than his absconding clerk."

"And no doubt is, mother. He has not, for some time, borne a good reputation among honorable business men. I have heard the worst epithets applied to him by merchants."

"Oh, Edward!" said Mrs. Bradford, speaking with so much feeling, that tears stood in her eyes, "how thankful I am that you did not enter his service, instead of Henry Long."

"Not more thankful than I am," was the reply of Edward. "For years I have seen how wisely you acted in choosing a place for me with a true, good man, instead of one whose only recommendation was the worldly advantage he had to offer. How far I might have been corrupted in his service, I know not—but I have, several times to-day, had an inward shudder as I thought of it."

There was a pause, and then the young man said, with a brightening countenance,

"But I have some good, as well as evil tidings for your ear. Mr. Lee has offered me an interest in his business, on most liberal terms; and I have accepted the proposition."

Mrs. Bradford's face kindled with a glow of delight. No strong expression of pleasure leaped from her tongue; she only clasped the hand of her son, and looking at him with an expression of maternal love and pride, said,

"I have my reward, and it comes quicker and more abundant than ever imagination realized. My dearest hope for you in life, has been, that you might be a true-hearted, honorable, honest man. You are all this Edward!—all this. And now there is added the worldly prosperity that I was willing to sacrifice for those higher and better things. There is no happier mother in the land this day. My cup runs over!"—  
*N. Y. Organ.*

A LADY, describing an ill-tempered man, said: "He never smiles but he appears ashamed of it."

## EGYPTIAN VULTURES.

Although the parallels which, in the present day, some distinguished naturalists have attempted to draw between *mammalia* and *birds*, are, for the most part, overstrained and visionary, there are certainly some instances in which they are truly indicated by Nature. This analogy is, perhaps, in no instance better established than between the vultures and the hyena, jackal, or wolf. Alike scavengers of the earth, they clear it of its dead, they remove its offal—its noisome *rejectamenta*, which would otherwise corrupt the air with pestilential exhalations. The vultures, however, have far less ferocity in their disposition than the analogous quadrupeds. The latter attack living prey with great ferocity and strong appetite for blood, whilst the former exclusively gorge upon the carcasses of the dead, and never make the living their victims. Happily for them, they are seldom at a loss for a meal in the countries where they abound. The unburied slain on the field of battle attract them in flocks from a great distance;—the death of any beast in the field calls an assembly to the banquet. Sailing on their wide and ample wings, they sweep from the higher regions of the air to their repast, on which they often gorge themselves till unable to rise from the spot. It is only when impelled by hunger that the vulture proceeds in quest of his carrion-food, and rouses from his apathy to traverse the air. Mounting aloft till almost out of sight, he skims in large circles, sustained on outspread but motionless pinions, scanning the surface of the earth. Often, indeed, the sky seems quite clear, and not the least trace of any bird can be discovered by the eye; but no sooner does an animal fall—or no sooner has the hunter slain or abandoned his quarry—than, as if called at once into existence, multitudes of vultures seem pouring from the sky, and flocking to the feast.

Is it by the powers of sight or of smell that these birds, afar off in the air above, or on the very verge of the horizon, are thus led to their booty? This is a question not yet settled.—The ancient classic writers teem with passages attributing to the vulture a keen and discriminating scent; and certainly the development of the organs of this sense would seem to favor the opinion, which is supported by Mr. Waterton and others, but which Mr. Audubon considers to be erroneous. This latter observer of Nature maintains that it is by the extraordinary powers of sight that the vulture perceives his prey, and Le Vaillant explains the circumstance upon the same theory. "Desirous," he says, "of observing how so great a number of vultures could congregate together in so short a space of time, I concealed myself one day in a thicket, after having killed a large gazelle, which I left upon the spot. In an instant a number of ravens made their appearance, flitting about the animal, and making a great croaking. In less than a quarter of an hour

these birds were reinforced by the arrival of kites and buzzards; and immediately afterwards I perceived, on raising my head, a flight of birds at a prodigious height, wheeling round and round in their descent. These I soon recognized to be vultures, which seemed, if I may so express myself, to escape from a cavern in the sky. The first comers fell immediately upon the gazelle, but I did not allow them time to tear it in pieces. I left my concealment, and they betook themselves slowly and heavily to flight, rejoining their comrades, whose numbers seemed to increase. They seemed almost to precipitate themselves from the clouds to share the spoil, but my presence caused them speedily to disappear. Thus it is, then, that the vultures are called upon to participate in their prey:—the first carnivorous birds that discover a carcass, rouse the others which may happen to be in the environs, by their cries and by their motions. If the nearest vulture does not spy his prey from the lofty region of the air in which he swims by means of his wide-spread wings, he perceives at least the subaltern and more terrestrial birds of prey preparing to take possession of it; but perhaps he has himself a sufficient power of vision to enable him to discover it. He descends hastily, and with a wheeling flight, and his fall directs the other vultures who witness his evolutions, and who no doubt have their instinct sharpened with regard to every thing that concerns their food.—a concourse of carnivorous birds speedily takes place in the neighborhood of the carcass sufficient to attract the vultures of the whole district, nearly in the same manner as the disturbance created by a number of men running along the streets of a crowded town attracts the whole population to follow in their train."

Notwithstanding all this, and the experiments of Mr. Audubon, we do not think the conclusion by any means demonstrated, that the vulture is not guided by his scent, as well as by his powers of vision, according as the case may be. The great family of vultures (*vulturide*, Vig.) is extensively spread throughout the globe, but especially abounds in the hotter latitudes, where their utility in removing carrion and all putrid animal substances, from the fields, the villages, and even the towns, has been universally acknowledged. As we recede from the hotter climes to the more temperate regions, we gradually lose the presence of the vultures, till at length the boundaries of the race are passed. Their extreme boundaries, however, are more northerly, or rather are carried out more nearly to the higher latitudes of the globe than might at first be suspected. In America the turkey vulture (*cathartes aura*) ranges from Terra del Fuego to Nova Scotia, and the black vulture (*cathartes atratus*) is common in Carolina. Species are found in southern and central Europe, without reckoning the lammergeyer (*gypetus barbatus*) which forms a con-

necting link between the timid, indolent, and gluttonous vultures, on the one hand, and the fierce, rapacious eagles, on the other, we may enumerate the *vultur cinereus* and the griffon, or *vultur fulvus*, both of which occur in the mountain chains of even central Europe, and are tolerably common in the southern districts, being spread over most parts of the old world. To these we may add the remarkable bird of which we give a figure, and which is very common in Spain, viz., the Egyptian vulture, or Pharaoh's chicken (*neophron percnopterus*).

The genus *neophron* may be regarded as equivalent in the Old World to *cathartes* in the New, the Egyptian vulture closely approximating in form, habits, and relatively in the range of its habitat to the turkey vulture so ably described by Wilson and Audubon. Of the vultures of the Old World the Egyptian vulture is the smallest; it is, however, one of the most numerous, and especially abounds in Egypt and the adjacent provinces of Europe, Asia, and Africa; it has even been seen in Italy and Switzerland, and has once been killed in England. This circumstance occurred in 1825, at Klive, in Somersetshire; the specimen was that of an immature bird, probably not more than a year old; it was accompanied by a second individual, which was too wary to allow itself to be approached within gun shot. In Egypt the utility of these vultures in clearing the streets of filth of every description (a task which they undertake in common with the pariah dogs) has been frequently noticed. Nor were the services of this bird less valued in ancient than in modern times; it was among the number of the sacred animals, and is often represented pretty accurately on the early monuments of Egypt. Hence its appellation of Pharaoh's chicken. A constant attendant on the caravan, as it pursues its way from town to town—an assiduous frequenter of the shambles—an industrious searcher for carrion, it merits, as far at least as its public utility is concerned, the regards of the community; nor are its services overlooked—if not now adored as a deity, it is at least esteemed as a benefactor. In the neighborhood of Gibraltar, and the south of Spain generally, flocks of this vulture are annually seen; most probably they winter in Africa, but of this we have no decided information. Capt. S. E. Cook says that he saw them, near Seville, following the track of the plough, like rooks, in order to devour the grubs in the upturned soil.

The long and ample wings of the Egyptian vulture give it amazing powers of flight, and enable it to soar with great buoyancy. Like the rest of the family, however, when gorged to repletion with its foul diet, it becomes so sluggish and unwieldy as scarcely to be able to raise itself from the ground, and indeed in this state may be easily captured; not that the task would be very pleasant, so strong and disgusting is the effluvia which it emits.

Bruce considers this bird to be the *rachamah* of Scripture, (see the appendix to his travels,) such being the name by which it is now known in Egypt.

In size the Egyptian vulture somewhat exceeds a raven, its length being two feet five or six inches, and the expanse of its wings about five feet eight or nine inches. When in complete plumage, it is of an uniform white, with the exception of the greater quill feathers, which are black. The forehead, cheeks, and throat are naked, the skin being of a livid yellow.—The eyes are dark. The bill is slender and straight—abruptly hooked at the tip. This state of plumage is acquired by successive changes, the first lining being umber-brown, which is gradually exchanged, at each moult, for lighter and lighter tints, till the purity of the white is complete. It breeds in the clefts of rocks, and on elevated places, but its eggs have never been described.

### PUSH ON!

Awake! and listen. Everywhere—  
From upland, grove and lawn,  
Out-breathes the universal prayer,  
The orison of morn.  
Arise! and don thy working garb;  
All nature is astir;  
Let honest motives be thy barb,  
And usefulness thy spur.  
Stop not to list the boisterous jeers,  
(He would be what thou art.)  
They should not e'en offend thine ears,  
Still less disturb thy heart.  
What though you have no shining board,  
(Inheritance of stealth;)   
To purchase at the broker's board,  
The recompense of wealth—  
Push on! You're resting while you stand;  
Inaction will not do;  
Take life's small bundle in your hand,  
And trudge it briskly through.  
Push on!

Don't blush because you have a patch  
In honest labor won;  
There's many a small cot roofed with thatch  
That's happier than a throne.  
Push on! The world is large enough  
For you, and me, and all;  
You must expect your share of rough,  
And now and then a fall.  
But, up again! act out your part—  
Bear willingly your load;  
There's nothing like a cheery heart  
To mend a stony road.  
Push on!

Jump over all the *ifs* and *buts*;  
There's always some kind hand  
To lift life's wagon from the ruts,  
Or poke away the sand.  
Remember, when your sky of blue  
Is shadowed by a cloud,  
The sun will shine as soon for you  
As for the monarch proud.  
It is but written on the moon  
That toil alone endures;  
The king would dance a rigadon  
With that blithe soul of yours.  
Push on! You're resting while you stand;  
Inaction will not do;  
Take life's small bundle in your hand,  
And trudge it briskly through.  
Push on!

HENRY J. SARGENT.

## USEFUL HINTS.

**POSTURE DURING SLEEP.**—Dr. Franklin recommends the limbs being placed so as not to bear inconveniently hard upon one another; as, for instance, the joints of the ankles; for though a bad position may at first give but little pain, and be hardly noticed, yet a continuance of it will render it less tolerable, and the uneasiness may come on during sleep, and may disturb the imagination.

In cold weather the arms should be under the clothes, and above them in warm; and care should be taken not to fold them round the head. It is imprudent to hide the head almost entirely under the bed-clothes. We ought to sleep with our mouth shut; as, besides other inconveniences attending a contrary practice, the teeth are liable to injury from it; for the air continually passing in and out between them, hurts, and by degrees renders them less firm in their sockets; it also tends to consume, unnecessarily, the moisture of the mouth and throat, consequently they become too dry, which is always unpleasant, and in cold weather may occasion sore throats.

**KINDNESS TO SERVANTS.**—Accustom yourself to treat your servants with kindness and humanity. One of the ancients said, *we should look upon them as unfortunate friends*. Consider that you owe only to chance the great difference that exists between you and them; do not make them feel their condition, and do not aggravate their trouble. Nothing is so low as to be haughty to one who is under you. Use no harsh expressions; that mode of speaking should be unknown to a person of a polished and delicate mind. As service is established contrary to the natural equality of mankind, it is our duty to sweeten it. Have we any right to wish our servants to be without faults when we daily show them that we are not faultless?

**CHINESE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.**—Be virtuous; govern your passions; restrain your appetites; avoid excess, and high seasoned food; eat slowly, and chew your food well. Do not eat to full satiety. Breakfast betimes; it is not wholesome to go out fasting. In winter, a glass or two of wine is an excellent preservative against unwholesome air. Make a hearty meal about noon, and eat plain meats only. Avoid salted meats; those who eat them often have pale complexions, a slow pulse, and are full of corrupted humors. Sup betimes, and sparingly. Let your meat be neither too much, nor too little done. Sleep not until two hours after eating. Begin your meals with a little tea, and wash your mouth with a cup of it afterwards. The most important advice which can be given to every person for maintaining the body in due temperament, is to be very moderate in the use of all the pleasures of sense; for all excess weakens the spirits. Walk not too long at once. Stand not for hours in one posture; nor lie longer than necessary. In winter keep

not yourself too hot, nor in summer too cold. Immediately after you awake, rub your breast where the heart lies with the palm of your hand. Avoid a stream of wind.

**CLOTHING FOR THE YOUNG.**—Mr. Erastus Wilson says: Are the little highlanders whom we meet during three out of the four quarters of the year, under the guardianship of their nursery-maids, dawdling about the streets in our public walks and squares, properly protected from the cold? Are the fantastically-attired children whom we see "taking an airing" in carriages in our parks, sufficiently and properly clad? If these questions can be truly answered in the affirmative, then, and then only, my remarks are needless. There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful idea than that of rendering children "hardy" by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently. I have known instances wherein parents acting on this principle, have failed entirely in rearing their offspring. Does nature treat her progeny thus? Does she not, first of all, insure the birth of her young only at a kindly season, and then provide them with downy coverings, warm nests, and assiduous protectors? And we must imitate nature, if we would give to Britain a race capable and worthy of maintaining her independence and honor.—The little denizens of a warm nursery must not be subjected, without a carefully-assorted covering, to the piercing and relentless east or north-east winds; they must not be permitted to imbibe the seeds of that dreadful scourge of this climate—consumption—in their walks for exercise and health; they must be tended, as the future lords of the earth, with zealous care and judicial zeal. *One-sixth of the deaths of young children, it must be remembered, result from cold.*

**EASE OF MANNER.**—Ease of manner in a woman is very pleasing, when the self-possession which gives it is unaccompanied by masculine courage, or by an undue value for herself. In general, the manners will be free from any painful degree of restraint, when the mind is not engaged upon *self*, or occupied with the idea of exciting attention and admiration from those around. Affectation has its origin from these sources; and this, besides being a symptom of a weak mind, is entirely destructive of good manners. Good sense and simplicity of manners are generally companions, forming a natural gentility, which is far preferable to any artificial politeness, inasmuch as the one is a part of the individual herself, and the other only a garb worn when occasion calls for it.—However, those who possess this natural gentility may, by mixing in good society, have the additional polish given to it, which afterwards distinguishes it as the perfection of good manners.

## SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

## NO. I.—CHATTERTON.

The town of Bristol, England, formerly the second in the kingdom in wealth, population, and commerce, has the credit of giving birth to two very remarkable personages: Sebastian Cabot, "the great seaman," and Chatterton, the

years of age, this obscure youth could write as follows:—



THOMAS CHATTERTON.

poet. Cabot we may notice at another time. Our present business is with Chatterton. His is a story with a moral. It teaches the relative value of intellectual and moral greatness. Chatterton's genius has been acknowledged by universal acclamation. His intellectual power was wonderful. But being totally destitute of religious or moral principle, his wonderful genius, and his admirable versatility, failed to procure him the bare necessities of life, and at an early age he perished miserably by suicide. His short but brilliant career, is thus noticed by Chambers:

The success of Macpherson's *Ossian* seems to have prompted the remarkable forgeries of Chatterton—

The marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.

Such precocity of genius was never perhaps before witnessed. We have the poems of Pope and Cowley written, one at *twelve*, and the other at *fifteen* years of age, but both were inferior to the verses of Chatterton at *eleven*; and his imitations of the antique, executed when he was fifteen and sixteen, exhibit a vigor of thought, and facility of versification—to say nothing of their antiquarian character, which puzzled the most learned men of the day—that stamp him a poet of the first class. His education also was miserably deficient; yet when a mere boy, eleven

Almighty Framer of the skies,  
O let our pure devotion rise  
Like incense in thy sight!  
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,  
The texture of our souls was made,  
Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed, the ray  
Refined the darkness into day,  
And bid the vapors fly:  
Impelled by his eternal love,  
He left his palaces above,  
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,  
When God appeared in mortal clay,  
The mark of worldly scorn;  
When the archangel's heavenly lays  
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,  
And hailed Salvation's morn?

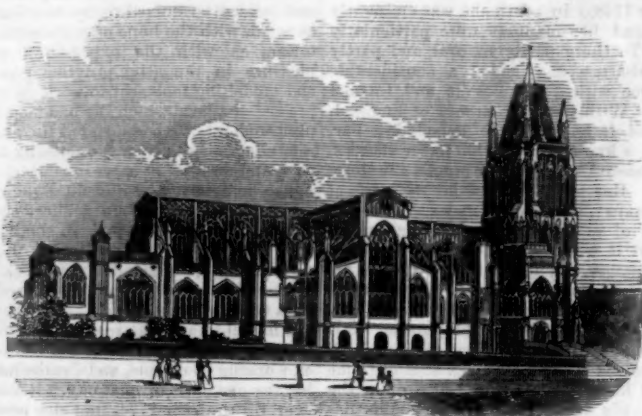
A humble form the Godhead wore,  
The pains of poverty he bore,  
To gaudy pomp unknown:  
Though in the human walk he trod,  
Still was the man Almighty God,  
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears  
The torments of this vale of tears,  
Nor bids his vengeance rise:  
He saw the creatures he had made  
Revile his power, his peace invade,  
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752. His father, who had taught the Free School there, died before his birth, and he was educated at a charity school, where nothing but English, writing, and accounts, were taught. His first lessons were said to have been from a black letter Bible, which may have had some effect on his youthful imagination. At the age of fourteen he was put apprentice to an attorney, where his situation was irksome and uncomfortable, but left him ample time to prosecute his private studies. He was passionately devoted to poetry, antiquities, and heraldry, and ambitious of distinction. His ruling passion, he says, was "unconquerable pride." He now set himself to accomplish his various impositions by pretended discoveries of old manuscripts. In October, 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished; and Chatterton sent to a newspaper in the town, a pretended account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that "the description of the friars first passing over the old bridge was taken from an ancient manuscript." To one man, fond of heraldic honors, he gave a pedigree reaching up to the time of William the Conqueror; to another he presents an ancient poem, the "Romant of the Cnyghte,"

written by one of his ancestors 450 years before; to a religious citizen of Bristol he gives an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, as written by Thomas Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century; to another, solicitous of obtaining information about Bristol, he makes the valuable present of an account of all the churches of the city, as they appeared three hundred years before, and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the castle, the whole pretending to be drawn from writings of the "gode prieste Thomas Rowley." Horace Walpole was engaged in writing the History of British Painters, and Chatterton sent him an account of eminent "Carvellers and Peyncters," who once flourished in Bristol. These, with various impositions of a similar nature, duped the citizens of Bristol. Chatterton had no confidant in his labors; he toiled in secret, gratified only by the "stoical pride of talent." He frequently wrote by moonlight, conceiving that the immediate presence of that luminary added to the inspiration. His Sundays were commonly spent

in walking alone into the country about Bristol, and drawing sketches of churches and other objects which had impressed his romantic imagination. He would also lie down in the meadows in view of St. Mary's church, Bristol, fix his eyes upon the ancient edifice, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. He thus nursed the enthusiasm which destroyed him. Though correct and orderly in his conduct, Chatterton, before he was sixteen, imbibed principles of infidelity, and the idea of suicide was familiar to his mind. It was, however, overruled for a time by his passion for literary fame and distinction. It was a favorite maxim with him, that man is equal to anything, and that everything might be achieved by diligence and abstinence. His alleged discoveries having attracted great attention, the youth stated that he found the manuscripts in his mother's house. "In the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe church of Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited, among which was one called the 'Coffre' of Mr. Canynge, an eminent mer-



CHURCH OF ST. MARY REDCLIFFE, BRISTOL.

chant of Bristol, who had rebuilt the church in the reign of Edward IV. About the year 1727, those chests had been broken open by an order from proper authority: some ancient deeds had been taken out, and the remaining manuscripts left exposed as of no value. Chatterton's father, whose uncle was sexton of the church, had carried off great numbers of the parchments, and had used them as covers for books in his school. Amidst the residue of his father's ravages, Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr. Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley (the friend of Canynge,) a priest of the fifteenth century." These fictitious poems were published in the *Town and Country Magazine*, to which Chatterton had become a contributor, and occasioned a warm controversy among literary antiquaries. Some of them he had submitted to Horace Walpole, who showed them to Gray and Mason; but these competent judges

pronounced them to be forgeries. After three years spent in the attorney's office, Chatterton obtained his release from his apprenticeship, and went to London, where he engaged in various tasks for the booksellers, and wrote for the magazines and newspapers. He obtained an introduction to Beckford, the patriotic and popular lord-mayor, and his own inclination led him to espouse the opposition party. "But no money," he says, "is to be got on that side of the question; interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides." He boasted that his company was courted everywhere, and "that he would settle the nation before he had done." The splendid visions of promotion and consequence, however, soon vanished, and even his labors for the periodical press failed to afford him the means of comfortable subsistence. He applied for the appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa, but

was refused the necessary recommendation. This seems to have been his last hope, and he made no further effort at literary composition. His spirits had always been unequal, alternately gloomy and elevated—both in extremes; he had cast off the restraints of religion, and had no steady principle to guide him, unless it was a strong affection for his mother and sister, to whom he sent remittances of money, while his means lasted. Habits of intemperance, succeeded by fits of remorse, exasperated his constitutional melancholy; and after being reduced to actual want (though with characteristic pride he rejected a dinner offered him by his landlady

the day before his death), he tore all his papers, and destroyed himself by taking arsenic, August 25, 1770. At the time of his death, he was aged seventeen years, nine months, and a few days. "No English poet," says Campbell, "ever equalled him at the same age." The remains of the unhappy youth were interred in a shell in the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane workhouse. His unfinished papers he had destroyed before his death, and his room, when broken open, was found covered with scraps of paper. The citizens of Bristol have erected a monument to the memory of their native poet.

### HON. MRS. DAMER, THE SCULPTRESS.

Anne Seymour Damer, the only child of Field-Marshal Conway (brother to the Marquis of Hertford) and Caroline Campbell, only daughter of John, the fourth Duke of Argyll, was born in the year 1748. In youth she was eminently beautiful, and her manners were particularly winning. To these partly natural, and partly artificial charms, she added a considerable acquaintance with both elegant and learned literature. With the best authors of England, France, and Italy, she made herself familiar, and added a knowledge of the Latin classics, and made more than common progress in those of Greece. Her birth entitled her to a life of ease and luxury, her beauty exposed her to the assiduities of suitors and the temptations of courts; but it was her pleasure to forego all these advantages, and dedicate the golden hours of her youth to the task of winning a name by working in wet clay, plaster of Paris, stubborn marble, and still more intractable bronze. It is not often that art finds a votary of such high descent; nor is it usual for a sex slim of frame and soft of hand to enter voluntarily upon the severest bodily drudgery to which genius has taxed itself. The fashionable world of the time were astonished at hearing that the beautiful and only daughter of Marshal Conway had forsaken all the gaieties of society, and was become a worker in wet clay; wore a mob cap to keep the dust of the marble from her hair, and an apron to preserve her silk gown and embroidered slippers; and, with a hammer of iron in one hand, and a chisel of steel in the other, had begun to carve heads in marble. The story of the incidents which first directed her thoughts to sculpture is singular. When between eighteen and twenty years old, she was walking one day with David Hume, when they were accosted by a wandering Italian boy, who offered for sale some plaster figures which he was carrying. The historian looked at the casts, conversed with the boy, gave him a shilling, and continued his walk. The young lady amused herself by laughing at the philosopher for squandering both time and money on paltry plaster images. "Be less severe, Miss Conway," said Hume; "those images at which you smile

were not made without the combined assistance of both science and genius. With all your varied attainments, now, you cannot produce such works." She listened in silence to the rebuke, and inwardly resolved to try her hand in art, as much with the hope of confounding the historian, as with the expectation of finding pleasure in the attempt. She procured wax and modelling tools, set to work in secret, and presented a head which she had modelled to the philosopher. He commended the attempt, but reminded her that it was one thing to model in wax, and another to carve in marble. Resolved not to be deterred by difficulties, she got marble and proper tools, and in a short time copied, rudely indeed, the bust which she had made in wax, and placed it before Hume. He again approved, but recommended a more skilful mode of finishing. She now applied herself, at least for a time, to acquire excellence in the art which she had chosen. She took lessons in modelling from Coracchi, from Bacon she learned the art of working in marble, and Cruikshanks taught her the elements of anatomy. It was not, however, till the year 1774, that she produced any work of great note. Seven years before this she, on the 14th of June, 1767, had married the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of the first Lord Milton. Her husband, heir in expectancy to thirty thousand a year, was both eccentric and extravagant; a love of dress was his peculiar failing, and in those expensive days of silk, lace, and embroidery, he adorned his person with all that was costly, and loved to surprise his friends, and vex his wife, by appearing thrice a day in a new suit. He soon became the prey of tailors and money-lenders; the good counsels of his wife were unheeded, or seemed to have had the effect of increasing his extravagance. He squandered a princely fortune in a few years, and terminated his life with a pistol in the Bedford Arms, Covent-garden, on the 15th of August, 1776, leaving his widow childless, and a wardrobe which was sold by auction for £15,000. After this event Mrs. Damer renewed her study of sculpture, and travelled for information in the art, in France, Spain, and Italy. While on her passage to France, the vessel in which she

sailed was chased by a French man-of-war, and, being very inferior in force, a running fight commenced, and continued for four hours. The French for the time prevailed, and the packet was captured within sight of Ostend. Mrs. Damer, however, was liberated, and permitted to continue her journey.

Politics mingled with her love for the arts. She became a determined Whig, and, allying herself with her cousin, Horace Walpole, loved those whom he loved, and hated those whom he hated. On returning from the galleries of Rome and Madrid, she took her share in the contested election for Westminster, which ended in the return of her favorite, Charles Fox. The three ladies of birth, beauty, and wit, who divided Westminster into three parts on this occasion, and canvassed the whole motly mob of voters, were Mrs. Damer, Mrs. Crewe, and the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. Their success was complete, and curious anecdotes have been related of the unusual condescension practised by these canvassers.

Fox was her hero in the House of Commons—Napoleon her hero on land—and Nelson her hero on sea. She was personally acquainted with each of them. Nelson sat for his bust which stands in the Common Council-room in the city of London; that of Fox was presented to Napoleon when Emperor, who gave her in return a magnificent snuff-box, with his portrait set in diamonds. Napoleon promised to sit for his, which he wished to present to Fox, but wars, which came on thick and fast, prevented it. Her acquaintance with Napoleon and Josephine was singular. During Mrs. Damer's early visit to France, in the time of the monarchy, she had been the companion of the fascinating Viscountess Beauharnois, and they parted with mutual assurances of esteem. No correspondence, however, ensued; and Mrs. Damer heard no more of her early friend till, many years afterwards, a French gentleman waited on her with a splendid piece of porcelain and a letter from the wife of the First Consul. Much was her surprise to find that the lively and witty Madame Beauharnois of former times was the Josephine Bonaparte who now invited her to Paris, that she might have the pleasure of presenting her to her husband. At the peace of Amiens she accordingly went to France, and was received with unbounded kindness by Josephine and her lord. It was on a later occasion that she presented the bust of Fox, and received the snuff-box in return.

On the death of Horace Walpole, in 1797, Mrs. Damer found herself owner for life of his Gothic villa of Strawberry-hill, with £2000 a year to keep it in repair, on condition that she should live in the house and maintain its original dignity. In 1818 she was persuaded to give up her Gothic villa to Lord Waldegrave, on whom it had been entailed. She then purchased York-house in the neighborhood, where, during the rest of her life, she set up her modelling tools in the summer, removing in the winter, with all her implements of art, to Park Lane.

Her enthusiasm for the art remained to the

last. She had formerly given a cast of her bust of Lord Nelson to the Duke of Clarence, who, when he became Lord High Admiral, expressed a wish for one in bronze. Mrs. Damer, though then seventy-eight years old, began the work immediately, and saw it finished a few days before she died. This event took place on the 28th of May, 1828, in the eightieth year of her age. With a harmless manifestation of her ruling passion, she directed that her working apron, her hammers, her drills, chisels, and modelling-tools, should be deposited with her in her coffin. She was buried, as she desired, beside her mother in the church of Sunbridge, Kent.

## LEOLINE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Pleasant as the sweet spring air,  
Or like snow-wreath, bright and fair,  
Was that little mate of mine,  
Sunny-hearted Leoline.

Busy all the livelong day,  
Blithe at work, and blithe at play;  
Singing, with a wild-bird's note,  
Such sweet melodies as float  
From Eolian harp-strings given  
Freely on the winds of heaven,  
Was that charming mate of mine,  
Best and sweetest Leoline.  
O'er her silken tresses light  
Rippled waves of golden light;  
And her tiny, twinkling feet,  
With their motions light and fleet,  
Made soft echoes in the hall,  
Where no more her footsteps fall—  
Oh! I cannot but repine,  
Missing lovely Leoline.

Faultless form of perfect grace,  
Little, lovely angel face;  
Heart of never failing glee,  
Generous, innocent and free,  
Should *these* in the grave be hid?  
Covered by the coffin-lid?  
How—oh! how can I resign  
Little, darling Leoline!

## TO FLORINE.

Could I recall lost youth again,  
And be what I have been,  
I'd court you in a gallant strain,  
My young and fair Florine.

But mine's the chilling age that chides  
Affection's tender glow;  
And Love—that conquers all besides—  
Finds Time a conquering foe.

Farewell! we're severed by our fate,  
As far as night from noon—  
You came in the world so late,  
And I depart so soon!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## LEAVES FROM A FAMILY JOURNAL.

BY EMILE SOUVETRE.

[The following forms the introductory chapter to a delightful description of French domestic life, recently published under the above title. This beautiful little Domestic History abounds with good lessons—very French, it is true—but not the less instructive, and capable of being made much of by ourselves. French life as portrayed by the writer of this agreeable volume, is divested of French levity, while it retains the intelligence, sentiment, light-heartedness, and amiable manners peculiar to the nation:]

Our married life had commenced, and this was HOME. As I opened my eyes in our new abode, the rays of the morning sun were penetrating the muslin curtains, the air was filled with the fragrance of mignonette, and in the adjoining room I heard a loved voice warbling my favorite air.

On the different articles of furniture lay a hundred things to remind me of the change which had taken place in my mode of life. There lay the bouquet of orange flowers worn by Marcelle on our wedding day; here stood her work basket; a little further on, and my eye fell on her small bookcase, ornamented with her school prizes and several other volumes, recent offerings from myself. Thus all my surroundings indicated that I was no longer alone. Till then in my independence I had merely skirted the great army of humanity, measuring all things with regard to my own strength only. I had now entered its ranks, accompanied by a fellow traveller, whose powers and feelings must be consulted, and whose tenderness must be equalled by the protecting love shed around her. A few weeks ago I should have fallen unnoticed and left no void, henceforward my lot lay bound in that of others. I had taken root in life, and for the future must fortify and strengthen myself for the protection of the nests which would in time be formed beneath my shade.

Sweet sense of responsibility, which elevated without alarming me. What had Marcelle and I to fear? Was not our departure on the voyage of life like that of Athenian Theori for the island of Delos, sailing to the sound of harps and songs while crowned with flowers? Did not our hearts beat responsive to the chorus of youth's protecting genii?

Strength said, "What matters the task? Feel you not that to you it will all be easy? It is the weak alone who weigh the burden. Atlas smiled, though he bore the world on his shoulders."

Faith added, "Have confidence, and the mountains which obstruct your path shall vanish like clouds; the sea shall bear you up, and the rainbow shall become a bridge for your feet."

Hope whispered, "Behold, before you lies repose after fatigue, plenty will follow after scarcity. On, on, for the desert leads to the promised land."

And lastly, a voice more fascinating than any, added, "Love one another; there is not on earth a surer talisman, it is the 'Open Sesame' which will put you in the possession of all the treasures of creation."

Why not listen to these sweet assurances? "Cherished companions of our opening career, my faith in you is strong; you, who like unto the military music which animates the soldier's courage, lead us, intoxicated by your melody, on to the battle field of life." What can I fear from a life through which I shall pass with Marcelle's arm entwined in mine? The sun shines on the commencement of our journey; forward over flowery fields, by hedges alive with song, through ever-verdant forests! Let one horizon succeed another! The day is so lovely, and the night yet so distant!

While thus occupied with my newborn happiness, I had risen and joined Marcelle, who had already taken possession of her domestic kingdom.

Everything must be visited with her; her precocious housewifery must be admired; her arrangements must be applauded. First she showed me the little '*salle à manger*,' dedicated to the meals which would unite us in the intervals of business: to this cause it owed the air of opulence and brightness which Marcelle had carefully striven to impart to it. China, silver, and glass, sparkled on the shelves. Here lay rich fruits half-hidden in moss; there, stood freshly-gathered flowers—everything spoke of the reign of grace and plenty. From thence we passed into the salon, the closed curtains of which admitted only a soft and subdued light, which fell on statuettes ornamenting the consoles, and the gilt frames on the walls: on the tables lay scattered in graceful negligence, albums, elegances of papier mache, and carved ivory; precious nothings which had constituted the young girl's treasures. At the farther end, the folds of a heavy curtain concealed the bower, sacred to the lady of the castle. Here admittance was at first denied me, and I was obliged to have recourse to entreaty before the drapery was raised for our entrance.

The cabinet was lighted by a small window, over which hung a blind, representing a gothic casement of painted glass, the bright colors of which were now rendered more brilliant by the sunlight which streamed through. The principal furniture consisted of a pretty lounging chair and the work table, near which I had so often seen Marcelle seated with her embroidery when I passed under her aunt's window. Her pretty flower-stand, gay with her favorite flowers, occupied the window in which hung a gilt-wire

cage, the melodious prison-house of her pet bird; and lastly, there stood fronting the window, the bureau, consecrated since her school-days to her intimate correspondence.

She showed it to me with an almost tearful gravity. Everything it contained was a relic, or souvenir. That agate inkstand had belonged to her elder sister, who died just when Marcelle was old enough to know and love her; this mother-of-pearl paper-cutter was a present to her from her aunt, before she became her adopted child; this seal had belonged to her father! She half-opened the different drawers, for me to peep at the treasures they contained. In one were the letters of her dearest school-friend, now married, gone abroad, and therefore lost to her; in another, were family papers; lower down, her certificates for the performance of religious obligations, prizes obtained, and examinations passed—the young girl's humble patent of nobility!—and last of all, in the most secret corner, lay some faded flowers, and the correspondence which, with the consent of her Aunt Roubert, we had interchanged when absent from each other.

In the contents of this bureau, were united all the touching and pleasing reminiscences of her former life; they formed Marcelle's poetic archives, whither she often retired in her hours of solitude. Often, on my return from business, I found her here, smiling, and seemingly perfumed by memories of the past.

Ah! thought I, why have not men also some spot thus consecrated to like holy and sweet remembrances, a sanctuary replete with tokens of family affection, and relics of youth's enthusiasm? Our ancestors, in their pride, cut out of the granite rock safe depositories for the proofs of their empty titles and long pedigrees; is it impossible for us to devote some obscure corner to the annals of the heart, to all that recalls to us our former noble aspirations, and generous hopes?

Time has torn from the walls the genealogical trees of noble families, but he has left space for those of the soul. Let us seek the origin of our decisions, our sympathies, our repugnances, and our hopes, and we shall ever find that they spring from some circumstance of by-gone days. The present is rooted in the past. Who has met by chance with some relic of earlier years, and has not been touched by the remembrances called forth? It is by looking back to the starting point, that we can best calculate the distance traversed; it is in so doing that we feel either pleasure or alarm. Truly happy is the man who after gazing on the portrait of his youth, can turn towards the original and find it unimpaired by age!

These reflections were interrupted by the sound of my father's voice, which brought us out of Marcelle's retreat to welcome him. He came to see our new abode, and add his satisfaction to our happiness. He was a gentle stoic, whose courage had ever served as a bulwark to the weak, and whose inflexibility was but another name for entire self-abnegation; he was indulgent to all, because he never forgave himself,

and ever veiled severity in gentleness. His wisdom partook neither of arrogance nor passion; it descended to the level of your comprehension, and while pointing upwards, led you by the hand, and guided the ascent. It was a mother who instructed, never a judge who condemned.

Though pleased with my choice, and happy at seeing us united, he had nevertheless refused a place at our fireside. "These first hours of youth are especially your own," he had said to me with a paternal embrace, "an old man would throw a shadow over the meridian sunshine of your joy. It is better that you should regret my absence, than for one moment feel my presence a restraint. Besides, solitude is necessary to you, as well as to me—for you to talk of your hopes for the future, for me to recall remembrances of the past. Some time hence, when my strength is failing, I will come to you, and close my eyes in the shadow of your prosperity."

And all my entreaties had been unavailing: the separation was unavoidable. Now, however, Marcelle sprang forward to meet him, and led him triumphantly across the room, to begin a re-examination of its treasures. My father listened to all, replied to all, and smiled at all. He lent himself to our dreams of happiness, pausing before each new phase, to point out a hope overlooked before, or a joy forgotten. While thus pleasantly occupied, time slipped away unnoticed, until Marcelle's aunt arrived.

Who was there in our native town who did not know Aunt Roubert? The very mention of her name was sufficient to make one gay. Left a widow in early life, and in involved circumstances, she had, by dint of activity, order, and economy, entirely extricated herself from pecuniary difficulty. Of her might be said with truth, that "*sa part d'esprit lui avait été donnée en bon sens.*" Taking reality for her guide, she had followed in the beaten track of life, carefully avoiding the many sharp flints which caprice scatters in the way. Always on the move, alternately setting people to rights, and grumbling at either them or herself, she yet found time to manage well her own affairs, and to improve those of others, a faculty which had obtained for her the name of "*La Femme de ménage de la Providence.*" Vulgar in appearance, she was practical in the extreme, and results generally proved her in the right. Her nature was made up of the prose of life, but prose so clear, so consistent, that, but for its simplicity, it would have been profound.

Aunt Roubert arrived, according to custom, a large umbrella in hand, while her arm was loaded with an immense horsehair bag. She entered the little cabinet, where we were seated, like a shower of hail:—"Here you are at last," she exclaimed, "I have been into every room in search of you. Do you know, my dear, that the chests of linen have arrived?"

"Very well, I will go and see after it," said Marcelle, who with one hand in my father's, and the other in mine, seemed in no hurry to stir.

"You will go and see after it," repeated Aunt Roubert, "that will be very useless, for you will find no place to put it in. I have been over your abode, my poor child, and instead of a home I find a *salon de theatre*."

"Why aunt," exclaimed Marcelle, "how can you say so? Remi and his father have just been through the rooms, and are delighted with them!"

"Don't talk of men and housekeeping in the same breath," replied Madame, in her most peremptory tone; "see that they are provided with a pair of snuffers and a boot jack, and they will not discover the want of anything else; but I, dear friend, know what a house should be. In entering the lobby just now, I looked about for a hook, on which to hang my cloak, and could find nothing but flowering stocks? My dear, flowers form the principal part of your furniture!"

Marcelle endeavored to protest against the assertion by enumerating our stock of valuables, but she was interrupted by her aunt.

"I am not talking of what you have, but of what you have not," she said; "I certainly saw in your salon some little bronze marmozettes."

"Marmozettes!" I cried, "you mean statues of Schiller and Rousseau."

"Possibly," Aunt Roubert quietly replied, "they may at a push serve as match holders; but, dear friend, in the fire place of your office below, I could see neither tongs nor shovel. On opening the side-board, I found a charming little silver-gilt service, but no soup ladle, so one can only suppose that you mean to live on sweetmeats; and lastly, though the *'salle a manger'* is ornamented with beautifully gilt porcelain, the kitchen unfortunately is minus both roasting-jack and frying pan! Good Heavens, these are most unromantic details, are they not?" added she, noticing the gesture of annoyance which we were unable altogether to repress, "but as you will be obliged to descend to them whenever you want a roast or an omelette, it would perhaps be as well to provide for them."

"You are right!" I replied, a little out of humor, for I had noticed Marcelle's confusion, "but such omissions are easily rectified when their need is felt."

"That is to say, you will wait until bed-time to order the mattress," replied Aunt Roubert; "well, well, my children, as you will, but now your attendance is required on your linen, which awaits you in the lobby; I suppose my niece does not propose to arrange it in her birdcage, or flower-stand; can she show me the place destined for it?"

Marcelle had colored to the roots of her hair, and stood twisting and untwisting her apron-string.

"Ah well! I see you have not thought of that," said the old aunt, "but never mind, we will find some place to put it in after breakfast; you know we are to breakfast together."

This was a point Marcelle had not forgotten, and she forthwith led the way to her breakfast-table.

At the sight of it my father gave a start of pleased surprise. In the centre stood a basket of fruit, flowers, and moss, round which were arranged all our favorite dainties; each could recognize the dish prepared to suit his taste. After having given a rapid glance round, Madame Roubert cried out:—

"And the bread, my child?"

Marcelle uttered a cry of consternation.

"You have none," said her aunt, quietly, "send your servant for some." Then lowering her voice, she added, "As she will pass by my door, she can at the same time tell Baptiste to bring the large easy chair for your father, and I hope you will keep it. Your gothic chairs are very pretty to look at, but when one is old or invalid, what one likes best in a chair, is a comfortable seat."

While awaiting the servant's return, Madame Roubert accompanied Marcelle in a tour round our abode. She pointed out what had been forgotten, remedied the inconvenience of several arrangements, or superseded them with better, doing it all with the utmost cheerful simplicity. Her hints never bordered on criticisms; she showed the error without astonishment at its having been committed, and without priding herself on its discovery.

When she had completed her examination, she took her niece aside with her accounts, Marcelle fetched the little rosewood case which served her as a cash box, and sat down to calculate the expenses of the past week. But her efforts to produce a satisfactory balance, seemed useless. It was in vain that she added and subtracted, and counted piece by piece her remaining money, the deficit never varied. Astounded at such a result, and at the amount spent, she began to examine the lock of her box, and to ask herself how its contents could have so rapidly disappeared, when Aunt Roubert interrupted her.

"Take care," she said in one of her most serious tones, "See, how from want of careful account-keeping you already suspect others; before this evening is here you will be ready to accuse them. It always is so. The want of order engenders suspicion, and it is easier to doubt the probity of others than one's own memory. No lock can prevent that, my child, because none can shelter you from the results of your own miscalculations. There is no safeguard for the woman at the head of a household, like a housekeeping book which serves to warn her day by day, and bears faithful witness at the end of the month. I have brought you such a one as your uncle used to give me."

She drew it from her bag, and presented it to Marcelle.

It was an account-book bound in parchment, the cover of which was separated like a portfolio into three pockets, destined for receipts, bills, and memoranda. The book itself was divided into several parts, distinguished one from the other by markers corresponding to the different species or expenditure, so that a glance was sufficient to form an estimate, not only of the sum total, but also of the amount of expen-

diture, in each separate branch. The whole formed a domestic budget as clear as it was complete, in which each portion of the government service had its open account regulated by the supreme comptroller.

M. Roubert, who had been during his life a species of unknown Franklin, solely occupied in the endeavor to make business and opinions agree with good sense, had written above each chapter a borrowed or unpublished maxim to serve as warning to its possessor. At the beginning of the book the following words were traced in red ink:—

*"Economy is the true source of independence and liberality."*

Farther on, at the head of the division destined to expenses of the table:—

*"A wise man has always three cooks, who season the simplest food, Sobriety, Exercise, and Content."*

Above the chapter devoted to benevolence:—  
*"Give as thou hast received."*

And lastly, on the page destined to receive the amount of each month's savings, he had copied this saying of a Chinese philosopher:—

*"Time and patience convert the mulberry leaf into satin."*

After having given us time to look over the book, and read its wise counsels, Aunt Roubert explained to Marcelle the particulars of its use, and endeavored to initiate her in domestic bookkeeping.

## TWILIGHT STANZAS, REMINISCENT OF CHILDHOOD.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

The innocent thoughts of my early years,  
Like angel-babes with their pinions closed,  
Have still through the day, and its glare and cares,  
In the shady nooks of my mind reposed;  
But now, in the sweetest of summer eves,  
The matron Moon, with her tender smile,  
And the gentle voice of the whispering leaves,  
Have waked them again to life awhile.

Oh, far Patuxent! beautiful stream,  
More loved in my childhood days by day;  
Again a boy on thy banks I seem,  
And thoughtful roam, or sportive play,  
Learning the song that the wooing air  
Softly sings to the blushing flowers,  
Or startling winged fancies fair  
From their calm repose in the garden bowers.

The world without is lovely and bright,  
And radiant and fair is the world within—  
The one unmarred by storm or blight,  
The other undimmed by care or sin;  
In the outer world the forms below  
Reveal the hues of light above,  
And a child's pure thoughts and wishes show  
In the inner world that God is Love.

The forests, the fields, the water's flow,  
Yon realms of lustre unconfin'd,  
Have purer beauty and brighter glow  
In the hopeful light of a youthful mind.  
The melody of the gleeful birds,  
While the winds and the waters bear a part,  
Is sweeter still when their song accords  
With the musical pulse of a happy heart.

Bright thoughts float down on the golden light,  
And visions of bliss in the wave I see,  
And from the cerulean's arching height  
Soft eyes are looking in love on me;  
And love for God in my heart abounds,  
For the good and the beautiful every where;  
As a delicate odor the flower surrounds,  
Love circles my life like an atmosphere.

Oh for the blissful life of yore,  
Thoughtless of guile and care and pain!  
Is it gone forever and evermore?  
Shall I never be a child again?  
Is there no pure and sacred spring,  
Like that by Ponce de Leon sought,  
Whose wonderful waters again can bring  
Youth's warmth of heart with its guileless thought?

Guardian angels, bending low,  
Is it your whispering voices I hear?  
Soothers of earthly pain and woe,  
How sweet to my heart your words of cheer!  
"There is a fountain whose pure, bright tide,  
Flows from the Source of Love and Truth;  
Drink where those sacred waters glide,  
Would you win the boon of endless youth."

"A youth more happy than that of earth,  
Which falls unconscious to ills and pain—  
A youth that, sprung from a heavenly birth,  
Ne'er yields to sorrow and sin again;  
But, in innocence guided by Light Divine,  
Goes blessing and blest on its peaceful way,  
And making the life of earth to shine  
With the brightness of that which lasts for aye."

## JESSIE—IN MEMORIUM.

Blue are June's sequestered violets,  
Bluer were her eyes—  
Brighter were they than the star-gems  
In the summer skies.

We shall miss her ringing laughter,  
And her pale, meek face;  
We shall miss her bounding footfall  
In each flower-strewn place.

We shall miss her when the vesper  
Trembles on the air,  
When we join the sweet home circle,  
At the call to prayer.

But though her dear form is sleeping  
'Neath the valley's clod,  
Cease we now our tears and weeping—  
Jessie is with God.

*Ladies' Enterprise.*

## CHAPTERS ON BIRDS.

NUMBER SIX.

## THE CAT-BIRD.

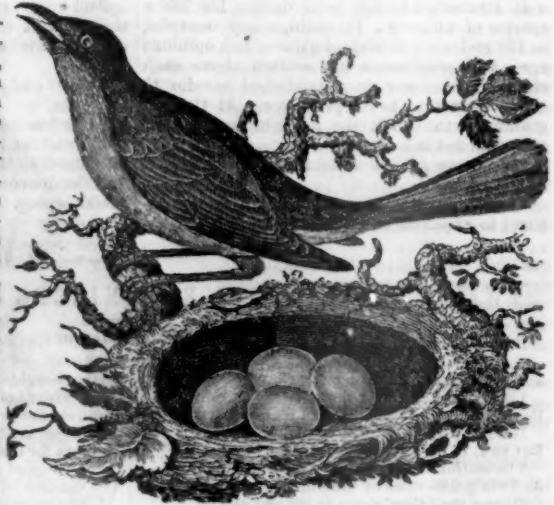
This quaint and familiar—though persecuted song-bird—passes the winter in Florida, probably, and along the Mexican coast. On the second week in April, he usually reaches the middle States, and, by the beginning of May, has already completed his nest. This is commonly in a dark thicket in the woods, or close bush in some retired part of the garden. It is generally composed of dry leaves and weeds, small twigs, and fine, dry grass, and is lined with the fine, black root-fibres of ferns.—The eggs are four or five in number, of a uniform emerald-green hue. The broods are two, and sometimes three, in a season.

"One of the most remarkable peculiarities of the Cat-bird,"—says Nuttall,—“and to which it owes its name, is the unpleasant, loud, and grating cat-like mew, which it often utters, on being approached or offended.

As the irritation increases, this note becomes more hoarse, reiterated, and vehement; and sometimes this petulance and anger is carried so far as to result in the persecution of every intruder. Occasionally, this temper becomes such an annoyance, that a revengeful blow from a stick or stone, is too often, with the thoughtless and prejudiced, the reward of this harmless provocation. At such times, with little apparent cause, the agitation of the bird is excessive. She hurries backward and forward, with hanging wings, and open mouth, mewing and screaming in a paroxysm of scolding anger, and alighting almost to touch the hand that offers insult.”

The Cat-bird is one of our earliest morning songsters. His notes are generally imitations of other birds, and, though not without sweetness, are more singular than melodiously powerful. Still, he well deserves a place among the most agreeable of our common songsters.

According to Nuttall, the Cat-bird, when raised from the nest, is easily domesticated, becomes a very amusing inmate, and seems attached to his cage, as if it were a dwelling, or place of security. Though very tame, he is quite pugnacious with regard to all other birds. When in want of food, he seems very uneasy, jerking about every thing within his reach, and uttering a feeble cry. Like the Robin, he delights in washing, and dashes about in the water till every feather appears drenched. His food, in confinement, is bread, fine pastry, scalded corn-meal, juicy fruits, and occasionally minced flesh and insects.



THE CAT-BIRD.

The Cat-bird is a great and determined enemy of the common black snake, which rifles his nest whenever an opportunity offers. As he uniformly attacks or pursues this snake, and is frequently seen in the act of hopping eagerly after it, numerous ridiculous stories are related of his being fascinated by the obnoxious reptile. It is well known to naturalists, however, that the bird is mostly the aggressor and victor, driving the snake to its hiding-place.

Though lively in its movements, and graceful in shape, the Cat-bird presents rather a homely appearance, almost the whole of its plumage being of a slate-color.

## THE ASIATIC WAX-WING.

The discovery of the Asiatic, or Japanese Wax-wing, is one of the fruits of De Siebold's scientific mission to Japan, by the government of Holland. In size, it bears a greater resemblance to the Cedar-bird, than to the Bohemian Wax-wing, but differs from both its congeners in the nakedness of the nostrils, (which are not hidden by the small feathers of the front, like the nostrils of the other two species of this small but natural group,) in the length of the crest, and the beautiful black plumes with which it is ornamented, and by the entire absence of the wax-like appendages that tip the pin-feathers of the wings of the remaining members of the family.

The Asiatic Wax-wing is found in the neighborhood of Nangasaki, a city of Japan. Its length is six inches and six lines. The base of the bill is bordered by a black band, which

passes to the back of the head, encircling the eye, and terminating in the lower crest-feathers, which are of the same color throughout. The chin and throat are black; the crest is long, and of an ashy-reddish hue above, with an inferior layer of the black plumes already alluded to. The breast, upper parts, and wing covers, are of a brownish ash, and a red band traverses the middle of the wing. All the quills are of an ashy black, the greater ones terminating with black, tipped with white. The tail is ashy-black, tipped with brilliant red. The middle of the under parts is of a light yellow, and the lower tail-coverts are chesnut color. We have an American Wax-wing, called the Cedar-bird. We learn from Bonaparte's supplement to Wilson's entertaining "American Ornithology," that the Wax-wings, "having no other representative in Europe or North America, are easily recognized by their short, turgid bill, trigonal at base, somewhat compressed and curved at tip, where both mandibles are strongly notched; their short feet, and rather long, sub-acute wings. But their most curious trait consists in the small, flat, oblong appendages, resembling, in color and substance, red sealing-wax, found at the tips of the secondaries in the adult. These appendages are merely the colored corneous prolongation of the shafts beyond the webs of the feathers." "The Wax-wings," he adds, "live in numerous flocks, keeping by pairs only in the brooding season; and so social is their disposition, that,



THE ASIATIC WAX-WING.



THE RING OUZEL.

as soon as the young are able to fly, they collect in large bands from the whole neighborhood.—

They perform extensive journeys, and are great and irregular wanderers.— Far from being shy, they are simple and easily tamed, but generally soon die in confinement.

#### THE RING OUZEL.

This is a partly migratory bird, found chiefly in the wild and mountainous districts of Scotland, where it breeds among the heather. It is somewhat larger than the English Blackbird, which it much resembles in appearance and habits. Its general color is a dull black. The breast of the male is distinguished by a crescent of pure white, from which the bird derives its name. On the female, this crescent is much less conspicuous, and in some birds it is wholly wanting. Ring Ouzels are found in various parts of Europe, chiefly in the wilder and more mountainous districts. The female builds her nest in the same manner, and in the same situation as the Blackbird, and lays four or five eggs of the same color. Their food consists of insects and berries.

## THE GOOD TIME COMING.\*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164.]

## CHAPTER XXI.

Over ten days had elapsed since Mr. Lyon answered the letter of Fanny Markland, and he was still awaiting a reply.

"This is a risky sort of business," so his friend had written him. "I succeeded in getting your letter into the young lady's hands, but not without danger of discovery. For whole hours I loitered in the grounds of Mr. Markland, and was going to leave for the city without accomplishing my errand, when I saw Fanny coming in the direction of the summer house. After the letter was deposited in the place agreed upon, and I was making my way off, I almost stumbled over her father, who had just returned from the city. He saw me; though, of course, he did not know me, nor suspect my errand. But, my evident desire to avoid observation, must have excited some vague suspicions in his mind; for, on reaching a point from which I could observe without being observed, I saw that he was gazing intently in the direction I had taken. Then he stepped aside from the road, and walked towards the grove. But, Fanny was a little in advance of him, and secured the letter. I waited to see him join her, and then hurried off.

"I tell you again, Lee, this is a risky business. Too days have passed, and yet there is no answer. I've seen Markland in the city once since that time. He looked unusually sober, I thought. Perhaps it was only imagination. You can think so if you please. Take my advice, and make no farther advances in this direction. There is too much danger of discovery. Markland has paid over ten thousand dollars to Fenwick; and is to produce as much more this week. He goes in, you know, for forty thousand. The balance ought to be had from him as soon as possible. Write to Fenwick to get it without delay. That is my advice. If you get his treasure, you will have his heart. Nothing like a money interest to hold a man.

"What I fear is, that the girl has told him all. You were crazy to say that she could do so if it pleased her. Well, well! We shall soon see where this wind will drift us. You shall hear from me the moment I know any thing certain."

Lyon was much disturbed by this letter. He at once wrote to Mr. Fenwick, suggesting the propriety of getting the whole of Mr. Markland's investment as early as possible.

"I hear," he said, "that he is somewhat inclined to vacillate. That, after making up his mind to do a thing, and even after initiative

steps are taken, he is apt to pause, look back, and re-consider. This, of course, will not suit us. The best way to manage him, will be to get his money in our boat, and then we are sure of him. He is very wealthy, and can be of great use in the prosecution of our schemes."

Two or three days more elapsed, and Lyon was getting nervously anxious, when a letter from Fanny reached him. It was brief, but of serious import.

"I have revealed all to my mother," it began, "and my heart feels lighter. She promises to keep our secret one week, and no longer. Then all will be revealed to father. I gained this much time, in order that you might have an opportunity to write, and tell him everything yourself. This, it seems to me, will be the best way. No time is to be lost. The week will expire quite as soon as your letter can reach him. So, pray, Mr. Lyon, write at once. I shall scarcely sleep until all is over."

With an angry imprecation, Lyon dashed this letter on the floor. "Mad girl!" he said; "Did I not warn her fully of the consequences? Write to her father! What shall I write? Tell him that I have deceived him! That when he thought me far away, I was sitting beside his daughter, and tempting her to act towards him with concealment, if not duplicity! Madness! folly!"

"I was a fool," he communed with himself, in a calmer mood, "to put so much in jeopardy for a woman! Nay, a girl—a mere child. But, what is to be done? Three days only intervene between this time, and the period at which our secret will be made known; so, whatever is to be done, must be determined quickly. Shall I treat the matter with Markland seriously or lightly? Not seriously, for that will surely cause him to do the same. Lightly, of course; for the manner in which I speak of it, will have its influence. But, first, I must manage to get him off to New York, and in the hands of Fenwick. The larger his actual investment in this business, the more easily this matter will be settled."

So he drew a sheet of paper before him, and wrote:

"MY DEAR MR. MARKLAND:—I have had so much important correspondence with Mr. Fenwick, our managing agent in New York, consequent on letters from London and Liverpool by last steamer, that I have been unable to proceed further than this point, but shall leave to-morrow. Mr. Fenwick has some very important information to communicate, and if he has not found time to write you, I would advise your going on to New York immediately. At best, hurried business letters give but imperfect notions of things. An hour's interview with Mr. Fenwick, will enable you to comprehend the present state of affairs more perfectly than the perusal of a volume of letters.

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by T. S. ARTHUR & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Some new aspects have presented themselves, that I particularly wish you to consider. Mr. Fenwick has great confidence in your judgment, and would, I know, like to confer with you.

"Do not fail to bring me to the remembrance of Mrs. Markland and Fanny.

Ever yours.

LEE LYON."

"This for to day's mail," said he, as he folded the letter. "If it does the work it is designed to accomplish, time, at least, will be gained. Now for the harder task."

Three times he tried to address Mr. Markland again, and as often tore up his letter. A fourth trial brought something nearer the mark.

"I'm afraid," he wrote, "a certain hasty act of mine, of which I ought before to have advised you, may slightly disturb your feelings. Yet don't let it have that effect, for there is no occasion whatever. Soon after leaving for the South, I wrote you to go to New York. The next mail brought me letters that rendered such a visit unnecessary, and fearing a communication by mail might not reach you promptly, I returned rapidly, and hastened to Woodbine Lodge to see you. Approaching your dwelling, I met Fanny, and learned from her that you had left for New York. Foolishly, as I now see it, I desired your daughter to keep my return a secret for a short period, fearing lest you might not clearly comprehend my reason for returning. I wished to explain the matter myself. This trifling affair, it seems, has made Fanny very unhappy. I am really sorry. But, it is over now; and I trust her spirits will rise again. You understand me fully, and can easily see why I might naturally fall into this trifling error.

"I wrote you yesterday, and hope you acted upon my suggestion. I proceed South in an hour. Every thing looks bright."

#### CHAPTER XXII.

"It must be done this evening, Fanny," said Mrs. Markland firmly. "The week has expired."

"Wait until to-morrow, dear mother," was urged, in a manner that was almost imploring.

"My promise was for one week. Even against my own clear convictions of right, have I kept it. This evening, your father must know all."

Fanny buried her face in her hands, and wept violently.

The trial and conflict of that week, were, to Mrs. Markland, the severest, perhaps, of her whole life. Never before had her mind been in so confused a state; never had the way of duty seemed so difficult to find. A promise she felt to be a sacred thing; and this feeling had constrained her, even in the face of most powerful considerations, to remain true to her word. But, now, she no longer doubted or hesitated; and she was counting the hours that must elapse before her husband's return from the city, eager to unburden her heart to him.

"There is hardly time," said Fanny, "for a letter to arrive from Mr. Lyon."

"I cannot help it, my child. Any further delay on my part, would be criminal. Evil, past all remedy, may have already been done."

"I only asked for time, that Mr. Lyon might

have an opportunity to write to father, and explain everything himself."

"Probably your father has heard from him to day. If so, well; but, if not, I shall certainly bring the matter to his knowledge."

There was something so decisive about Mrs. Markland, that Fanny ceased all further attempts to influence her, and passively awaited the issue.

The sun had only a few degrees to make ere passing from sight behind the western mountains. It was the usual time for Mr. Markland's return from the city, and most anxiously was his appearing looked for. But, the sun went down, and the twilight threw its veil over wood and valley, and still his coming was delayed. He had gone in by the rail-road, and not by private conveyance as usual. The latest train had swept shrieking past, full half an hour, when Mrs. Markland turned sadly from the portico, in which she had for a long time been stationed, saying to Grace, who had been watching by her side:

"This is very strange! What can keep Edward? Can it be possible that he has remained in the city all night? I'm very much troubled. He may be sick."

"More likely," answered Grace, in a fault-finding way, "he's gone *trapsing* off to New York again, after that Englishman's business. I wish he would mind his own affairs."

"He would not have done this without sending us word," replied Mrs. Markland.

"Oh! I'm not so sure of that. I'm prepared for any thing."

"But it's not like Edward. You know that he is particularly considerate about such things."

"He used to be. But Edward Markland of last year, is not the Edward Markland of to day, as you know right well," returned the sister-in-law.

"I wish you wouldn't speak in that way about Edward any more, Grace. It is very unpleasant to me."

"The more so, because it is the truth," replied Grace Markland. "Edward, I'll warrant you, is now sweeping off towards New York. See if I'm not right."

"No, there he is now!" exclaimed Mrs. Markland, stepping back from the door she was about to enter, as the sound of approaching feet arrested her ear.

The two women looked eagerly through the dusky air. A man's form was visible. It came nearer.

"Edward!" was just passing joyfully from the lips of Mrs. Markland, when the word was suppressed.

"Good evening, ladies," said a strange voice, as a man whom neither of them recognized, paused within a few steps of where they stood.

"Mr. Willet is my name," he added.

"Oh! Mr. Willet, our new neighbor," said Mrs. Markland, with a forced composure of manner. "Walk in, if you please. We were on the look out for Mr. Markland. He has not yet arrived from the city, and we are beginning to feel anxious about him."

"I am here to relieve that anxiety," replied the visitor in a cheerful voice, as he stepped on the portico. "Mr. Markland has made me the bearer of a message to his family."

"Where is he? What has detained him in the city?" enquired Mrs. Markland, in tones expressing her grief and disappointment.

"He has gone to New York," replied Mr. Willet.

"To New York!"

"Yes. He desired me to say to you, that letters received by the afternoon's mail brought information that made his presence in New York of importance. He had no time, before the cars started, to write, and I, therefore, bring you his verbal message."

It had been the intention of Mr. Willet to accept any courteous invitation extended by the family to pass a part of the evening with them; but, seeing how troubled Mrs. Markland was at the absence of her husband, he thought it better to decline entering the house, and wait for a better opportunity to make their more intimate acquaintance. So he bade her a good evening, after answering what further enquiries she wished to make, and returned to his own home.

Aunt Grace was unusually excited by the information received through their neighbor, and fretted and talked in her excited way for some time; but nothing that she said elicited any reply from Mrs. Markland, who seemed half stupefied, and sat through the evening in a state of deep abstraction; answering only in brief sentences any remarks addressed to her. It seemed to her as if her feet had wandered somehow into the mazes of a labyrinth, from which at each effort to get free, she was only the more inextricably involved. Her perceptions had lost their clearness; and still worse, her confidence in them was diminishing. Heretofore she had reposed all trust in her husband's rational intelligence; and her woman's nature had leaned upon him and clung to him as the vine to the oak. As his judgment determined, her intuitions had approved. Alas for her that this was no longer! Hitherto she had walked by his side with a clear light upon their path. She was ready to walk on still, and to walk bravely so far as herself was concerned, even though her straining eyes could not penetrate the cloudy veil that made all before her darkness and mystery.

Fanny, who had looked forward with a vague fear to her father's return on that evening, felt relieved on hearing that he had gone to New York, for that would give sufficient time for him to receive a letter from Mr. Lyon.

Thus it was with the family of Mr. Markland on this particular occasion. A crisis, looked for with trembling anxiety, seemed just at hand; and yet, it was still deferred—leaving, at least in one bosom, a heart-sickness that made life itself almost a burden.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

The close of the next day did not bring Mr. Markland, but only a hurried letter, saying that

important business would probably keep him in New York a day or two longer. A postscript to the letter read thus:

"Mr. Elbridge will send you a deed of some warehouse property that I have sold. Sign and return it by the bearer."

If Mr. Markland had only said where a letter would reach him in New York, his wife would have lost no time in writing fully on the subject of Mr. Lyon's conduct towards Fanny. But, as there was great uncertainty about this, she felt that she could only await his return. And now, she blamed herself, deeply, for having kept her word to Fanny. It was one of those cases, she saw, in which more evil was likely to flow from keeping a blind, almost extorted promise, than from breaking it.

"I ought to have seen my duty clearer," she said, in self-condemnation. "What blindness has possessed me!" And so she fretted herself, and admitted into her once calm, trusting spirit, a flood of self-reproaches and disquietude.

Fanny, now that the so anxiously dreaded period had gone by, and there was hope that her father would learn all from Mr. Lyon before he returned home, relapsed into a more passive state of mind. She had suffered much beyond her natural powers of endurance, in the last few days. A kind of re-action now followed, and she experienced a feeling of indifference as to results and consequences, that was a necessary relief to the overstrained condition of mind which had for some time existed.

On the day following, another letter was received from Mr. Markland.

"You must not expect me until the last of this week," he said. "Business matters of great importance will keep me here until that time. I have a letter from Mr. Lyon which I do not much like. It seems that he was at Woodbine Lodge, and saw Fanny, while I was away in New York. I have talked with a Mr. Fenwick here, a gentleman who knows all about him and his business, and he assures me that the reasons which Mr. Lyon gave for returning as he did from the south, are valid. What troubles me most is, that Fanny should have concealed it from both you and her father. We will talk this matter over fully on my return. If I had known it earlier, it might have led to an entire change of plans for the future. But it is too late now."

"I wrote you yesterday that I wished you to sign a deed which Mr. Elbridge would send out. He will send two more, which I would also like you to sign. I am making some investments here of great prospective value."

Mrs. Markland read this letter over and over again, and sat and thought about its contents until her mind grew so bewildered that it seemed as if her reason were about to depart. If it was suggested that she ought not to sign the deeds that were to be presented for her signature, the suggestion was not for a single moment entertained; but rather flung aside with something of indignation.

A day or two after Mr. Willet called with the

message from Mr. Markland, he went over again to Woodbine Lodge. It was late in the afternoon, and Fanny was sitting in the portico that looked from the western front of the dwelling, with her thoughts so far away from the actual things around her, that she did not notice the approach of any one, until Mr. Willet, whom she had never met, was only a few yards distant; then she looked up, and as her eyes rested upon him, she started to her feet, and struck her hands together, uttering an involuntary exclamation of surprise. The name of Mr. Lyon was half uttered, when she saw her mistake, and made a strong effort to compose her suddenly disturbed manner.

"Mrs. Markland is at home, I presume," said the visitor, in a respectful manner, as he paused a few paces distant from Fanny, and observed, with some surprise, the agitation his appearance had occasioned.

"She is. Will you walk in, sir?" The voice of Fanny trembled, though she strove hard to speak calmly, and with apparent self-possession.

"My name is Mr. Willet."

"Oh! Our new neighbor." And Fanny forced a smile, while she extended her hand, as she added,

"Walk in, sir. My mother will be gratified to see you."

"Has your father returned from New York?" inquired Mr. Willet, as he stood looking down upon the face of Miss Markland, with a feeling of admiration for its beauty and innocence.

"Not yet. Mother does not look for him until the last of this week."

"He did not expect to be gone over a single day, when he left."

"No, sir. But business has detained him.—Will you not walk in, Mr. Willet?" The earnestness with which he was looking into her face, was disconcerting Fanny. So she stepped towards the door, and led the way into the house.

"Mr. Willet," said Fanny, introducing her visitor, as they entered the sitting room.

Mrs. Markland extended her hand, and gave their new neighbor a cordial reception. Aunt Grace bowed formally, and fixed her keen eyes upon him with searching glances. While the former was thinking how best to entertain their visitor, the latter was scrutinizing his every look, tone, word, and movement. At first, the impression made upon her was not altogether favorable; but, gradually, as she noted every particular of his conversation, as well as the various changes of his voice and countenance, her feelings towards him underwent a change; and when he at length addressed a few words to her, she replied with unusual blandness of manner.

"How are your mother and sisters?" inquired Mrs. Markland, soon after Mr. Willet came in. "I have not yet called over to see them, but shall do so to-morrow."

"They are well, and will be exceedingly gratified to receive a visit from you," replied Mr. Willet.

"How are they pleased with the country?"

"That question, they would find it difficult

yet, to answer. There is much pleasant novelty, and much real enjoyment of nature's varied beauties. A sense of freedom, and a quietude of spirits, born of the stillness that, to people just from the noisy town, seems brooding over all things. Some of the wants, created by our too artificial mode of living in cities, are occasionally felt; but, on the whole, we are gainers, so far, by our experiment."

"Your sisters, I am sure, must enjoy the beauty with which you are surrounded. There is not a lovelier place than the one you have selected, in the whole neighborhood."

"Always excepting Woodbine Lodge," returned the visitor, with a courteous bow. "Yes," he added, "Sweetbriar is a charming spot; and its beauty grows upon you daily. My sister Flora, just about your own age," and Mr. Willet turned towards Fanny, "is particularly desirous to make your acquaintance. You must call over with your mother. I am sure you will like each other. Flora, if a brother may venture to herald a sister's praise, is a dear, good girl. She has heard a friend speak of you, and bears already, towards you, a feeling of warmer tone than mere friendship."

Mr. Willet fixed his eyes so earnestly upon the countenance of Fanny, that she partly averted her face, to conceal the warm flush that came to her cheek.

"I shall be happy to make her acquaintance," she replied. "Our circle of friends cannot be so large here as in the city; but we may find compensation in closer attachments."

"I will say to my mother and sisters, that they may expect to see you to-morrow." And Mr. Willet looked from face to face.

"Yes; we will ride over to-morrow," said Mrs. Markland.

"And you, also, Miss Markland." The courteous manner in which this was said, quite won the heart of Aunt Grace, and she replied that she would give herself that pleasure.

Mr. Willet sat for an hour, during which time he conversed in the most agreeable and intelligent manner; and, on retiring, left behind him a very favorable impression.

"I like that man," said Aunt Grace, with an emphasis that caused Mrs. Markland to look towards her, and smile.

"That's a little remarkable. You are not very apt to like men at first sight."

"I like him, for he's a true man and a gentleman," returned Aunt Grace. "And true men, I think, are scarce articles."

"Ever hasty in your conclusions, whether favorable or unfavorable," said Mrs. Markland.

"And rarely in error. You may add that," replied the sister-in-law, confidently. "When Mr. Lyon darkened our doors"—Fanny was passing from the room, and Aunt Grace spoke in a guarded voice—"I said he would leave a shadow behind him; and so he has. Was my judgment hasty, so far as he was concerned? I think you will hardly say so. But, my word for it, the presence of Mr. Willet will ever bring a gleam of sunshine. I am glad he has come into our neighborhood. If his mother and

sisters are like him, they are a company of choice spirits."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

To the opinion of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Markland made no dissent. She was, also, favorably impressed with Mr. Willet, and looked forward with pleasure to making the acquaintance of his mother and sisters.

On the following morning the carriage was ordered, and about eleven o'clock Mrs. Markland, Aunt Grace, and Fanny, were driven over to "Sweetbriar," the fanciful name which Mr. Ashton, the former owner, had given to the beautiful seat, now the property of Mr. Willet.

The day was cloudless, the air cool and transparent; the sky of the deepest cerulean. These mirrored themselves in the spirits of our little party. Mrs. Markland looked calm and cheerful; Fanny's thoughts were drawn out of herself, and her heart responded to the visible beauty around her. Even Aunt Grace talked of the sky, the trees and the flowers, and saw a new charm in everything.

"I presume we shall not meet Mr. Willet," she remarked, as the carriage drove within the elegant grounds of their neighbor.

"He probably goes to the city every day," said Mrs. Markland. "I believe he is engaged in business."

"Yes; I think I heard Edward say that he was."

"Our visit might be a pleasant one in some respects," observed Mrs. Markland, "if he were at home. To him, we are not entire strangers."

"I see him in the portico," said Fanny, leaning towards the carriage window. They were now in sight of the house.

"Yes, there he is," added Aunt Grace, in a pleased tone of voice.

In a few minutes the carriage drew up at the beautiful mansion, in the portico of which were Mr. Willet, and his mother and sisters, waiting to receive them. The welcome was most cordial; and the ladies soon felt at home with each other.

Flora, the youngest sister of Mr. Willet was a lovely girl, about Fanny's age. It did not take them long to know and appreciate each other. The mind of Flora was naturally stronger than that of Fanny, partaking slightly of the masculine type; but only sufficient to give it firmness and self-reliance. Her school education had progressed farther; and she had read, and thought, and seen more of the world than Fanny. Yet, the world had left no stain upon her garments, for, in entering it, she had been lovingly guarded. To her brother she looked up with much of a child's unwavering confidence. He was ten years her senior, and she could not remember the time when she had not regarded him as a man, whose counsels were full of wisdom.

"Where have you been for the last hour?" Mr. Willet inquired of the young maidens, as they entered, arm in arm, their light forms gently inclined to each other.

"Wandering over your beautiful grounds," replied Fanny.

"I hardly thought you would see them as beautiful," said Mr. Willet.

"Do you think that I have no eye for the beautiful," returned Fanny with a smile.

"Not so," quickly answered Mr. Willet. "Woodbine Lodge is so near perfection, that you must see defects in Sweetbrier."

"I never saw half the beauty in nature that has been revealed to my eyes this morning," said Fanny. "It seemed as if I had come upon enchanted ground. Ah, sir; your sister has opened a new book for me to read in—the book of nature."

Mr. Willet glanced, half inquiringly, towards Flora.

"Fanny speaks with enthusiasm," said the sister.

"What have you been talking about? What new leaf has Flora turned for you, Miss Markland?"

"A leaf, on which there is much written that I already yearn to understand. All things visible, your sister said to me, is but the bodying forth in nature of things invisible, yet in harmony with immutable laws of order."

"Reason will tell you that this is true," remarked Mr. Willet.

"Yes; I see that it must be so. Yet, what a world of new ideas it opens to the mind! The flower I hold in my hand, Flora says, is but the outbirth, or bodily form of a spiritual flower. How strange the thought!"

"Did she not speak truly?" asked Mr. Willet, in a low, earnest voice.

"What is that?" inquired Mrs. Markland, who was not sure that she had heard her daughter correctly.

"Flora says, that this flower is only the bodily form of a spiritual flower; and that, without the latter, the former would have no existence."

Mrs. Markland let her eyes fall to the floor, and mused for some moments.

"That's a new thought to me," she at length said, looking up. "Where did you find it, Flora?"

"I have believed this, ever since I could remember any thing," replied Flora.

"You have!"

"Yes ma'am. It was among the first lessons that I learned from my mother."

"Then you believe that every flower has a spirit," said Mrs. Markland.

"Every flower has life," was calmly answered.

"True."

"And every different flower a different life. How different, may be seen, when we think of the flower which graces the deadly nightshade, and of that which comes the fragrant herald of the juicy orange. We call this life the spiritual flower."

"A spiritual flower! Singular thought!" Mrs. Markland mused for some time.

"There is a spiritual world," said Mr. Willet, in his gentle, yet earnest way.

"Oh yes. We all believe that." Mrs. Markland fixed her eyes on the face of Mr. Willet with a look of interest.

"What do we mean by a world?"

"Mrs. Markland felt a rush of new ideas, though seen but dimly, crowding into her mind.

"We cannot think of a world," said Mr. Willet, "except as filled with objects, whether that world be spiritual or natural. The poet, in singing of the heavenly land, fails not to mention its fields of 'living green,' and 'rivers of delight.' And what are fields without grass, and flowers, and tender herb? If then, there be flowers in the spiritual world, they must be spiritual flowers."

"And that is what Flora meant?" said Mrs. Markland.

"Nothing more," said Flora; "unless I add, that all flowers in the natural world derive their life from flowers in the spiritual world; as all other objects in nature have a like correspondent origin."

"This comes to me as an entirely new idea," said Mrs. Markland, in a thoughtful way. "Yet, how beautiful. It seems to bring my feet to the verge of a new world, and my hand trembles with an impulse to stretch itself forth and lift the veil."

"Do not repress the impulse, said Mrs. Willet, laying a hand gently upon one of Mrs. Markland's.

"Ah! But I grope in the dark."

"We see but dimly here; for we live in the outward world, and only faint, yet truthful images of the inner world are revealed to us. No effort of the mind is so difficult as that of lifting itself above the natural and the visible, into the spiritual and invisible—invisible I mean, to the bodily eyes. So bound down by mere sensual things are all our ideas, that it is impossible, when the effort is first made, to see anything clear in spiritual light. Yet, soon, if the effort be made, will the straining vision have faint glimpses of a world whose rare beauties have never been seen by natural eyes. There is the natural, and there is the spiritual; but they are so distinct from each other, that the one by sublimation, increase or decrease, never becomes the other. Yet, are they most intimately connected; so intimately, that, without the latter, the former could have no existence. The relation is, in fact, that of cause and effect."

"I fear this subject is too grave a one for our visitors," said Mr. Willet, as his mother ceased speaking.

"It may be," remarked the lady, with a gentle smile that softened her features, and gave them a touch of heavenly beauty. "And Mrs. Markland will forgive its intrusion upon her. We must not expect that others will always be attracted by themes in which we feel a special interest."

"You could not interest me more," said Mrs. Markland. "I am listening with the deepest attention."

"Have you ever thought much of the rela-

tion between your soul and body; or, as I would say, between your spiritual body and your natural body?" asked Mrs. Willet.

"Often; but with a vagueness that left the mind wearied and dissatisfied."

"I had a long talk with Mr. Allison on that subject," said Fanny.

"Ah!" Mrs. Willet looked towards Fanny with a brightening face. "And what did he say?"

"Oh! A great deal—more than I can remember."

"You can recollect something."

"O yes. He said that our spiritual bodies were as perfectly organized as our material bodies, and that they could see, and hear, and feel."

"He said truly. That our spirits see, every one admits, when he uses the words, on presenting some idea or principle to another—'Can't you see it?' The architect sees the palace or temple before he embodies it in marble, and thus makes it visible to natural eyes. So does the painter see his picture; and the sculptor his statue in the unhewn stone. You see the form of your absent father, with a distinctness of vision that makes every feature visible; but not with the eyes of your body."

"No, not with my bodily eyes," said Fanny. "I have thought a great deal about this, since I talked with Mr. Allison; and the more I think of it, the more clearly do I perceive that we have spiritual bodies as well as natural bodies."

"And the inevitable conclusion is, that the spiritual body must live and breathe, and act in a world above, or within, the natural world, where all things are adapted to its functions and quality."

"In this world are the spiritual flowers we were speaking about?" said Mrs. Markland, smiling.

"Yes, ma'am; in this world of *causes*, where originate all *effects* seen in the world of nature," answered Mrs. Willet. "The world from which flowers, as well as men, are born."

"I am bewildered," said Mrs. Markland, "by these suggestions. That a volume of truth lies hidden from common eyes in this direction, I can well believe. As yet my vision is too feeble to penetrate the veil."

"If you look steadily in this direction, your eyes will, in time, get accustomed to the light, and gradually see clearer and clearer," said Mrs. Willet.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Some incidents interrupted the conversation at this point, and when it flowed on again, it was in a slightly varied channel, and gradually changed from the abstract, into matters of more personal interest.

"What a mystery is life!" exclaimed Mrs. Markland, the words following an observation that fell from the lips of Mr. Willet.

"Is it a mystery to you?" was asked, with something of surprise in the questioner's tone.

"There are times," replied Mrs. Markland,

"when I can see a harmony, an order, a beauty in everything; but my vision does not always remain clear. Ah! If we could ever be content to do our duty in the present, and leave results to Him who cares for us with an infinite love."

"A love," added Mrs. Willet, "that acts by infinite wisdom. Can we not trust these fully? Infinite love, and infinite wisdom?"

"Yes!—yes!—reason makes unhesitating response. But, when dark days come, how the poor heart sinks! Our faith is strong when the sky is bright. We can trust the love and wisdom of our Maker, when broad gleams of sunshine lie all along our pathway."

"True; and, therefore, the dark days come to us as much in mercy as the bright ones; for they show us, that our confidence in Heaven is not a living faith. 'There grows much bread in the winter night,' is a proverb full of a beautiful significance. Wheat, or bread, is, in the outer world of nature, what good is in the inner world of our spirits. And as well in the winter night of trial and adversity is bread grown, as in the winter of external nature. The bright wine of truth we crush from purple clusters in genial autumn; but bread grows, even while the vine slumbers."

"I know," said Mrs. Markland, "that, in the language of another, 'sweet are the uses of adversity.' I know it to be true, that good gains strength, and roots itself deeply in the winter of affliction and adversity, that it may grow up stronger, and produce a better harvest in the end. As an abstract truth, how clear this is. But, at the first chilling blast, how the spirit sinks; and when the sky grows dull and leaden, how the heart shivers!"

"It is because we rest in mere natural and external things, as the highest good."

"Yes—how often do we hear that remarked. It is the preacher's theme on each recurring Sabbath," said Mrs. Markland, in an abstracted way. "How often have words of similar import passed my own lips, when I spoke as a mentor, and vainly thought my own heart was not wedded to the world, and the good things it offers for our enjoyment."

"If we are so wedded," said Mrs. Willet, in her earnest, gentle way, "is not that a loving Providence which helps us to a knowledge of the truth, even though the lesson prove a hard one to learn—nay, even if it be acquired under the rod of a stern master?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Mrs. Markland, unhesitatingly.

"It is undoubtedly true," said Mrs. Willet "that all things of natural life are arranged, under Providence, with a special view to the formation and development within us, of spiritual life, or the orderly and true lives of our spirits. We are not born into this world merely to eat, drink, and enjoy sensual and corporeal pleasures alone. This is clear to any mind, on the slightest reflection. The pleasures of a refined taste, as that of music, and art, are of a higher and more enduring character than these; and of science and knowledge, still more enduring. Yet, not for these, as the

highest development of our lives, were we born. Taste, science, knowledge, even intelligence, to which science and knowledge open the door, leaves us still short of our high destiny. The Temple of Wisdom is yet to be penetrated."

"Science, knowledge, intelligence, wisdom!" said Mrs. Markland, speaking slowly and thoughtfully. "What a beautiful and orderly series! First we must learn the dead formulas."

"Yes; the lifeless *scientificæ*, if they may so be called, must first be grounded in the memory. Arrangement and discrimination follow. One fact or truth is compared with another, and the mind thus comes to know, or has knowledge. Mere facts in the mind, are lifeless, without thought. Thought broods over dead science in the external memory, and knowledge is born."

"How clear! How beautiful!" ejaculated Mrs. Markland.

"But, knowledge is little more than a collection of materials, well arranged; intelligence builds the house."

"And wisdom is the inhabitant," said Mrs. Markland, whose quick perceptions were running in advance.

"Yes—all that preceded was for the sake of the inhabitant. Science is first; then knowledge, then intelligence—but all is for the sake of wisdom."

"Wisdom—wisdom." Mrs. Markland mused again. "What is wisdom?"

"Angelic life," said Mrs. Willet. One who has thought and written much on heavenly themes, says, 'Intelligence and wisdom make an angel.'

Mrs. Willet sighed, but did not answer. Some fitting thought seemed momentarily to have shadowed her spirit.

"To be truly wise is to be truly good," said Mrs. Willet. "We think of angels as the wisest and best of beings, do we not?"

"O yes."

"The highest life, then, towards which we can aspire, is angelic life. Their life is a life of goodness, bodying itself in wisdom."

"How far below angelic life is the natural life that we are leading here," said Mrs. Markland.

"And therefore is it, that a new life is prescribed. A life that begins in learning heavenly truths first, as mere external formulas of religion. These are to be elevated into knowledge, intelligence, and afterwards wisdom. And it is because we are so unwilling to lead this heavenly life that our way in the world is often made rough and thorny, and our sky dark with cloud and tempest."

Mr. Willet now interrupted the conversation by a remark that turned the thoughts of all from a subject which he felt to be too grave for the occasion, and soon succeeded in restoring a brighter hue to the mind of Mrs. Markland.—Soon after the visitors returned home, all parties feeling happier for the new acquaintance which had been formed, and holding in their hearts a cheerful promise of many pleasant interchanges of thought and feeling.

Many things said by Mr. Willet, and by his mother and sisters, made a strong impression on the mind of Mrs. Markland and her daughter. They perceived some things in a new and clearer light that had been to them veiled in obscurity before.

"Flora is a lovely girl," said Fanny—"and so wise beyond her years. Many times I found myself looking into her face and wondering not to see the matron there. We are fortunate in such neighbors."

"Very fortunate, I think," replied her mother. "I regard them as having minds of a superior order."

"Flora is certainly a superior girl. And she seems to me as good as she is wise. Her thought appears ever lifting itself upwards; and there is a world of new ideas in her mind. I never heard any one talk just as she does."

"What struck me in every member of the family," said Mrs. Markland "was a profound religious trust. A full confidence in that Infinite Wisdom which cannot err, nor be unkind. Ah! my daughter, to possess that, were worth more than all this world can offer."

A servant who had been despatched for letters brought, late in the day, one for Mrs. Markland, from her husband, and one for Fanny from Mr. Lyon. This was the first communication the latter had sent to Fanny direct by post.—The maiden turned pale as she received the letter, and saw, by the superscription, from whom it came. Almost crushing it in her hand, she hurried away, and when alone, broke the seal, and with unsteady hands, unfolded it, yet scarcely daring to let her eyes rest upon the first words:—

"*My ever dear Fanny*"—[How her heart leaped as she read these words!]—"I write to you direct by post, for there remains no longer any reason why our correspondence should be a concealed one. I have also written to your father; and shall await his response with the deepest anxiety. Let his decision in the matter be what it may, I shall forever bear your image in my heart as a most sacred possession. Will you not write immediately? Conceal nothing of the effect produced on your father's mind. Send your letter as addressed before, and it will be forwarded to my hands. May heaven bless you, dear Fanny! In haste, suspense, and deep anxiety. LEE LYON."

Mrs. Markland's letter from her husband was very brief, and rather vague as to his purposes:

"I will be home, if possible this week; but may be kept here, by important business, over Sunday. If so, I will write again. Every thing is progressing to my fullest satisfaction. Little danger, I think, of my dying from *cancer* in the next twelve months. Head and hands will both be pretty well occupied for that period, if not longer. There is too much vitality about me for the life of a drone. I was growing restless and unhappy from sheer idleness and want of purpose. How does our dear Fanny seem? I feel no little concerned about her. Mr. Lyon makes no direct proposition for her hand; but it is, evidently, his purpose to do so. I wish I knew him better; and that I had, just now, a freer mind to consider the subject.—Weigh it well in your thoughts, Agnes; and by all means observe Fanny very closely. Dear child!—She is far too young for this experience. Ah me!—

The more I think of this matter, the more I feel troubled.

"But, good by, for a little while. I am writing in haste, and cannot say half that is in my thought."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## STANZAS.

I look on the chestnut blossom  
As it points to the cloudless sky,  
On the daisy's golden bosom,  
And the hyacinth's deep-blue eye.  
I see the lime-tree flinging  
Its delicate green arms out,  
The fragrant sweet-briar springing,  
And the woodbine running about;  
The lilac hiding the paling  
With clusters of purple and white,  
And the graceful laburnum trailing  
Its tresses of radiant light.  
But for me the garlanded bowers  
Have lost their rainbow hue—  
I look on the fields and flowers,  
But not as I used to do.

I hear the black-bird telling  
His love-tale to his mate,  
And the merry skylark swelling  
The choir at "heaven's gate."  
The cuckoo, away in the thicket,  
Is giving his two old notes.  
And the pet doves hung by the wicket  
Are talking with ruffled throats.  
The honey-bee hums as he lingers  
Where shadows of clover-heads fall,  
And the wind with leaf-tipped fingers,  
Is playing in concert with all.  
I know the music that gushes  
Is melody, sweet and true;  
And I listen to zephyrs and thrushes,  
But not as I used to do.

I hear the bird-boy's rattle  
Chime in with the cawing rook:  
I hear the low of the cattle,  
And the splash of the rippling brook;  
I hear the shepherd singing  
And the bleat of the frisking lamb,  
I hear the loud flail swinging,  
And the barn-door's creaking clam;  
I hear the swallows darting,  
Like arrows, in chase of the fly,  
And the tawny leveret starting  
At play in the copse just by;  
I hear the broap flags quiver  
Where the wind and tide rush through;  
I listen to mill-wheel and river,  
But not as I used to do.

No more can my footsteps wander  
Through woodlands, loved and dear;  
I gaze on the hill-tops yonder  
Through the mist of a hopeless tear.  
My spirit is worn and weary  
With waiting for Health and Rest;  
My long, long night is dreary,  
And my summer day unblest.  
My suffering darkens the noontlight,  
My anguish embitters the balm,  
My loneliness weeps in the moonlight,  
And sighs in the evening calm.  
Oh! suffering's mournful story  
Must be wofully long and true,  
When it finds me noting God's glory,  
But not as I used to do. ELIZA COOK.

## STUART THE PAINTER

"I used often to provoke my good old master," said Stuart to Dunlap, "though, heaven knows, without intending it. You remember the color closet at the bottom of his painting-room. One day, Trumbull and I came into his room, and little suspecting that he was within hearing, I began to lecture on his pictures, and particularly upon one then on his easel. I was a giddy, foolish fellow then. He had begun a portrait of a child, and he had a way of making curly hair by a flourish of his brush, thus, like a figure of three. 'Here, Trumbull,' said I, 'do you want to learn how to paint hair? There it is, my boy! Our master figures out a head of hair like a sum in arithmetic. Let us see—we may tell how many guineas he is to have for this head by simple addition—three and three make six, and three are nine, and three are twelve—' How much the sum would have amounted to, I can't tell, for just then I stalked the master, with palette-knife and palette, and put to flight my calculations. 'Very well, Mr. Stuart'—he always *mistered* me when he was angry, as a man's wife calls him *my dear*, when she wishes him any where else—'Very well, Mr. Stuart! very well indeed!' You may believe that I looked foolish enough, and he gave me a pretty sharp lecture, without my making any reply. But when the head was finished there were no figures of three in the hair."

"Mr. West," says Stuart, "treated me very cavalierly on one occasion; but I had my revenge. My old master, who was always called upon to paint a portrait of his majesty for every governor-general sent out to India, received an order for one for Lord —. He was busily employed upon one of his *ten-acre* pictures, in company with prophets and apostles, and thought he could turn over the king to me. He could never paint a portrait."

"Stuart," said he, "it is a pity to make his majesty sit again for his picture; there is the portrait of him that you painted; let me have it for Lord —. I will retouch it, and it will do well enough." *Well enough!* very pretty, thought I; 'you might be civil, when you ask a favor.' So I thought; but I said, 'Very well, sir.' So the picture was carried down to his room, and at it he went. I saw he was puzzled. He worked at it all that day. The next morning, 'Stuart,' says he, 'have you got your palette set?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, you can soon set another; let me have it; I can't satisfy myself with that head.'

"I gave him my palette, and he worked the greater part of that day. In the afternoon I went into his room, and he was hard at it. I saw that he had got up to the knees in mud. 'Stuart,' says he, 'I don't know how it is, but you have a way of managing your tints unlike every body else. Here, take the palette, and finish the head.' 'I can't, sir.' 'You can't?' 'I can't indeed, sir, as it is; but let it stand till to-morrow morning and get dry, and I will

go over it with all my heart.' The picture was to go away the day after the morning; so he made me promise to do it early next morning.

He never came down into the painting room until about ten o'clock. I went into his room bright and early, and by half past nine I had finished the head. That done, *Rafe* (Raphael West, the master's son) and I began to fence: I with my maul-stick, and he with his father's. I had just driven *Rafe* up to the wall, with his back to one of his father's best pictures, when the old gentleman, as neat as a lad of wax, with his hair powdered, his white silk stockings and yellow morocco slippers, popped into the room, looking as if he had stepped out of a band-box. We had made so much noise that we did not hear him come down the gallery or open the door. 'There, you dog,' says I to *Rafe*, 'there I have you, and nothing but your back-ground relieves you.'

"The old gentleman could not help smiling at my technical joke, but soon, looking very stern, 'Mr. Stuart,' says he, 'is this the way you use me?' 'Why! what's the matter, sir? I have neither hurt the boy nor the background.' 'Sir, when you knew I had promised that the picture of his majesty should be finished to-day, ready to be sent away to-morrow, thus to be neglecting me and your promise! How can you answer it to me or to yourself?'

"Sir," said I, 'do not condemn me without examining the easel. I have finished the picture: please to look at it.' He did so, complimented me highly, and I had ample revenge for his, 'It will do well enough.'"

Trumbull, speaking of Stuart as he knew him in London, says, "He was a much better scholar than I had supposed he was. He once undertook to paint my portrait, and I sat every day for a week, and then he left off without finishing it, saying, 'he could make nothing of my sorrow face.' But during the time, in his conversation, I observed that he had not only read, but remembered what he had read. In speaking of the character of man, he said, 'Linnaeus is right; Plato and Diogenes call man a biped without feathers; that's a shallow definition. Franklin's is better—a tool-making animal; but Linnaeus is the best—*homo, animal mendax, rapax, pugnax*.'"

Stuart read men's characters at a glance, and always engaged his sitters on some interesting topic of conversation, and while their features were thus lit up, he transferred them to his canvas, with the magic of his pencil. Hence his portraits are full of animation, truth, and nature. This trait is well illustrated by the following anecdote. Lord Mulgrave employed him to paint his brother, General Phipps, who was going out to India. When the portrait was finished, and the general had sailed, the Earl called for the picture, and on examining it, he seemed disturbed, and said, "This picture looks strange, sir; how is it? I think I see insanity

in that face?" "I painted your brother as I saw him," replied the painter. The first account Lord Mulgrave had of his brother was, that insanity, unknown and unapprehended by any of his friends, had driven him to commit suicide. Washington Allston, in his eulogium on Stuart, says, "The narratives and anecdotes with which his knowledge of men and the world had stored his memory, and which he often gave with great beauty and dramatic effect, were not unfrequently employed by Mr. Stuart in a way, and with an address peculiar to himself. From this store it was his custom to draw largely, while occupied with his sitters, apparently for their amusement; but his object was rather, by thus banishing all restraint, to call forth, if possible, some involuntary traits of natural character. It was this which enabled him to animate his canvas, not with the appearance of mere general life, but with that peculiar, distinctive life which separates the humblest individual from his kind. He seemed to dive into thoughts of men—for they were made to rise and speak on the surface."

Dr. Waterhouse relates the following anecdote of Stuart. He was travelling one day in an English stage-coach, with some gentlemen who were all strangers, and at first rather taciturn, but he soon engaged them in the most animated conversation. At length they arrived at their place of destination, and stopped at an inn to dine. "His companions," says the Doctor, "were very desirous to know *who* and *what* he was, for whatever Dr. Franklin may have said a half century ago about the question-asking propensity of his countrymen, I never noticed so much of that kind of travelling curiosity in New England as in Britain. To the round-about inquiries to find out his calling or profession, Stuart answered with a grave face and serious tone:

"I sometimes dress gentlemen's and ladies' hair." (At that time, the high craped, pomatumed hair was all the fashion.)

"You are a hair dresser, then?"

"What," said he, "do I look like a barber?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, I may take the liberty to ask you what you are then?"

"Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

"O, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?"

"A valet! Indeed sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"O, you are a tailor?"

"A tailor! Do I look like a tailor? I assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one."

By this time they were all in a roar.

"What are you, then?" said one.

"I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured, all I have told you is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service."

"O, ho! a boot and shoemaker after all!"

"Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe, but for my own feet and legs; yet all I told you is true."

"We may as well give up guessing."

"Well then, I will tell you upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces."

"He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage in a manner such as Samuel Foote, or Charles Matthews might have envied. His companions, after loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre, and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession, when, to their utter astonishment, he assured them he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in utter amazement. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions:—

"Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of various employments is comprised in these few words: *I am a portrait painter!* If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *a la mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you."

Stanley, in his edition of Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers says, "He rose into eminence, and his claims were acknowledged, even in the life time of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His high reputation as a portrait painter, as well in Ireland as in England, introduced him to a large acquaintance among the higher circles of society, and he was in the road of realizing a large fortune, had he not returned to America."

"The Duke of Rutland," says Dunlap, who had the story from the artist himself, "invited Stuart to his house in Dublin. Stuart got money enough together somehow to pay his passage to Ireland; but when he got there, he found that the Duke had died the day before. If any body else had gone there, the Duke would have been just as sure to live, for something extraordinary must happen to Stuart, of course. He soon got into the debtors' prison again; but he was a star still. He would not let people give him money. Rich people and nobles *would* be painted by him, and they had to go to jail to find the painter. There he held his court; flashing equipages of lords and ladies came dashing up to prison, while their exquisite proprietors waited for their first sitting. He began the pictures of a great many nobles and men of wealth and fashion, received half price at the first sitting, and left their Irish lordships imprisoned in effigy. Having thus liberated himself, and there being no law that would justify the jailor in holding half-finished peers in prison, the painter fulfilled his engagements, more at his ease, in his own house, and in the bosom of his own family; and it is probable the Irish gentlemen laughed heartily at the trick, and willingly paid the remainder of the price."

Miss Stuart, the daughter of the painter, says, "he arrived in Dublin in 1788, and notwithstanding the loss of his friendly inviter, he met with great success, painted most of the nobility, and lived in a good deal of splendor. The love of his own country, his admiration of General Washington, and the very great desire he had to paint his portrait, was his *only* inducement

to turn his back on his good fortunes in Europe." Accordingly, in 1793, he embarked for New York, where he took up his abode for some months, and painted the portraits of Sir John Temple, John Jay, Gen. Clarkson, John R. Murry, Colonel Giles, and other persons of distinction.

## JENNY WESTON; AN OUTLINE IN THREE SHORT CHAPTERS.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

### CHAPTER FIRST.

"Dear John, I cannot consent to be yours without the approbation of your father, your only surviving relative."

"He does not know you, dear Jenny, or he would not oppose our wishes. Let me read to you a part of his last letter: 'So, master John, it seems that, notwithstanding all my warnings, you are caught, as I anticipated, by one of those crafty, city-bred young pieces, all outside excellence, with no heart for anything but your money.' You see he does not know you, Jenny; you must not be offended with him; he will speak very differently when he becomes acquainted with your true and noble character."

"We must not take that for granted. You over-rate my good qualities, dear John. He will not see with your eyes."

"Let me read to you a little farther: 'As to what you say about her total unselfishness of disposition, and about her not being city-bred, you are blinded, young man, by her mere outward beauty, and can be made to believe anything she pleases. Marriage is a more serious affair than you seem to think it is, and should not be entered into with haste. Do as I would have you to do, and you will hereafter thank me for my advice. Come home when you have obtained your diploma, and marry Sarah Johnson. Her father's property adjoins mine, and I am convinced that she will have you. The fact is, old Johnson will not let her refuse; and no doubt, the girl herself will have an eye to her own interest.'"

"The old gentleman falls into his own trap then, John," said Jenny archly; "after all he acknowledges that country girls may be as self-interested as city ones."

"But you must not think that he is as interested about money as he seems to be. I am sure that when he once learns to know you well, he will not only not oppose himself to our wishes, but will highly approve my choice."

"There is more reason then for waiting patiently. I will promise, dear John, to marry none but you; but I cannot marry you without your father's approbation. I feel that I am right in this determination."

John Hudson was a student in one of the medical colleges in a northern metropolis; and

during his sojourn there, had become acquainted with, addressed, and won the affections of Jenny Weston, the young lady with whom the conversation was held. The latter had accompanied her widowed mother, who had visited the city for the purpose of settling some business in connection with her husband's estate. The father of the lover was a wealthy country gentleman; the mother of the maiden was a resident of an inland village, and in moderate circumstances. Both the maiden and the youth were right-minded and pure-hearted; the only perceptible flaw in the character of the latter being that it was rather difficult to convince him against his inclination, in other words, he liked to have his own way too much—a very common fault indeed; while the former, in addition to that gentleness of manner and sweetness of disposition, without which woman is, in truth,

"A lighter thing than vanity,"

possessed, where questions of principle were concerned, a firmness scarcely indicated by her quiet yet cheerful deportment.

Affairs remained in the position shown by the above conversation when the maiden returned to her home in the country.

### CHAPTER SECOND.

Some months after our opening scene, and at the time when spring exhibits its brightest bloom and loveliness, a maiden sat busily plying the needle in the back porch of a plain, but neat and substantial village dwelling. Her face was pale, but evidently not with ill health, and wore a thoughtful, but not melancholy expression. She was fair to look upon; yet her greatest beauty was the pure soul that showed itself in the soft glances of her eyes, and gave an added charm to every lineament of her countenance.

The maiden sometimes lifted her eyes from her sewing to look into the garden, where the birds were singing merrily among the fruit trees, and the afternoon sun-shine seemed to love to linger among the multitude of flowers. At such times a bright expression visited her features.

At length a slight noise attracted her attention to the back porch of the next cottage, where she saw a blind old gentleman, of a venerable

appearance, endeavoring to feel his way down the steps. She had noticed this person for the first time a few days before, and had learned that he was boarding in the village, which was noted for its pure atmosphere, for the benefit of his health. Each evening since he had been there, she had seen him led out to an arbor in the garden of the house where he lived, apparently that he might enjoy the music of the birds, and the fragrance of the flowers.

Acting upon the generous impulse of the moment, she threw down her work, and opening the little gate in the low fence which separated the neighboring enclosures, was soon at his side.

"Will you allow me to help you, sir?" she said gently, laying her hand softly upon his arm.

"Thank you, my kind young lady," he answered; "your assistance will much oblige me. I sent the lad, who leads me out to my garden seat, to the post-office for letters; and he stays so long, that, being impatient at the postponement of my almost only enjoyment, I was endeavoring to find my own blind way to the arbor. It is a great loss, that of sight, but I have been deprived of mine for many years, and have become accustomed to the deprivation. The other senses afford many sources of pleasure—one of them, for instance, the gratification of listening to your sweet and kind voice."

The old gentleman seemed so much pleased with the young lady's company, that at his invitation she brought her work and remained conversing with him until he returned to the house; and each succeeding evening found them sitting together either in his arbor, or in her porch. She took the place of his secretary in respect to his private correspondence, wrote for him those letters which he sent, and read to him those which he received. The society of the maiden seemed to afford the old blind gentleman so much pleasure, that neither she nor her widowed mother could refuse such comfort to one in his afflicted condition. He soon loved her as if she had been his own daughter, and often declared his determination to take a permanent residence in the village, that he might not be separated from her any more; unless, as he generally added—he could persuade her and a headstrong son of his, who, he said, was not such a very bad fellow after all, to "take a fancy" to each other.

The maiden would smile archly at the expression of this last wish; and the mother saw with delight that the roses were again making their appearance on her cheeks.

#### CHAPTER THIRD.

"So, master John, you have at last condescended to come to see your old, blind father." These words were not spoken in a harsh voice, and were evidently

"Words of unmeant bitterness."

"My dear father," was the answer, "I came the very first moment I could, after transacting the business which you directed me to attend to after receiving my diploma."

"What has become of the young city minx

who wished to make you disobey your old father? I almost forgive your impudence in intimating a threat to marry her without my consent, in consideration of the fact that you did not carry the threat into effect."

"You may thank *her* for that, father; she would not marry me without your consent. You do not do her noble character justice, dear father, because you do not know her. I am sure that if you knew her you would make no objection to my wishes."

"You speak with too much confidence, young man. I am sure that I wouldn't consent if she were as good and as beautiful as an angel. I have chosen a wife for you already, sir—one whom I know to be beautiful, though I can not see her; and it is not required to see her to know that she is good."

"Is it Sarah Johnson again, father?"

"No, sir, but a young lady superior to a hundred Sarah Johnsons. By the bye, master John, in one of your letters you were so impertinent as to insinuate that I wanted you to marry for money. To convince you, sir, that I am no more devoted to mammon than you are, the lady whom I have selected for a wife for you is, from what I can learn, in very moderate circumstances, if not absolutely poor."

"But I do not wish to marry the lady whom you insist upon calling a 'city-bred minx,' merely because she is poor. Permit me to say, sir, without intending any disrespect, that you are rather hard upon me. You will not only not allow me to marry the woman I love, but wish me to marry one whom I have not even seen. I hope, sir, that you will not insist upon my wedding one whom I cannot possibly love—I could not be happy with her, though she were as fair and good as a hundred angels."

"Certainly not, master John—I am not so unreasonable as that; I intend that you *shall* love the lady I have chosen for you. The fact is, sir, that you cannot help loving her. I'll prove that to you at once. Here, Tom, run into next door, and tell 'my treasure,' as I call her, that I wish to see her; and ask if she will please to come quickly—do you hear?"

Tom soon returned, bringing in the young lady; and such exclamations as "dear Jenny," "is it possible," &c., soon proved the previous acquaintance of the young folk. But Jenny, however pleased, was not so much surprised as John.

"Hallo!" exclaimed old Mr. Hudson, "what is the matter?"

"Why, sir," said John, "this is the young lady whom you declared that I should not marry."

"If so, master John, she is also the young lady whom you just now vowed you could not possibly love. So there's 'tit for tat' for you, young gentleman. And now take the advice of the old song, and

"Get married as soon as you can."

If you would properly erect the edifice of personal improvement, the foundation must be laid in moral purity.



## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### A TALENT IMPROVED.

Florence Myrtle was a young lady who had resided nearly all her life in a city. Her parents were wealthy, and had expended a great deal of money on her education. After Florence left school, she imagined, like a great many persons of her age, that now she was to have nothing more to do but enjoy herself; and a gay life she led of it for a year or two, though it is but the truth to say, that she did not find as much real pleasure in balls, parties, concerts, the opera, and other fashionable amusements, as she had anticipated.

One summer she went into the country to spend five or six weeks, during the hottest season, with an aunt who lived fifty miles away from the city where she dwelt. The region of country in which this aunt resided, was romantic and beautiful. High mountains arose not far away, and a quiet river flowed along within a short distance of the pleasant dwelling in which Florence found a temporary home. For a few days, the young girl enjoyed the change. The greater part of her time she spent out of doors, wandering about the fields, climbing among the rocks, and walking by the river side. In all these rambles, Rover, the faithful watchdog, was her constant companion. They had made friends on the first day of her arrival, and now they were inseparable companions whenever Florence went abroad.

But, by the time a week had elapsed, Florence grew weary. Everything was so dull and quiet, compared to the city!

"Oh dear! I wish there was something that I could do!" sighed the young lady, one morning, as she sat looking from the window.

"What can you do?" asked her aunt. "Or what would you like to do?"

"I wish you had a piano here."

"I wish I had, child," returned the aunt, kindly. "You are fond of music, no doubt."

"Oh, very fond! I practise an hour or two every day, when I am at home."

"Have you taken lessons in drawing?"

"Oh, yes. My teacher said I was one of his most promising scholars, and urged me very much to cultivate the talent which he said I possessed."

"Oh! then, you have a talent for drawing."

"I believe so."

"Did you ever sketch from nature?"

"A little."

"With success?"

"So those who saw the sketches said."

"Then you need be at no loss for something to do while you remain here. Nature, in this region, puts on some of her most attractive forms. A hundred sketches, embracing every variety of beautiful scenery, can be made within a quarter of a mile of the spot where we now are."

"As her aunt said this, the countenance of Florence brightened with interest.

"If I had only brought up some pencils and paper!"

"These can be readily procured at the village. I will send Thomas over for them."

"Do, aunt, if you please," said Florence, with animation. "Why didn't I think of this before? Yes, indeed! There are a hundred points from which beautiful views may be taken."

Thomas, a farm hand, was immediately despatched to the village, and, in due time, returned with drawing paper and pencils, when Florence started forth, accompanied by Rover, and her aunt saw nothing more of her for hours. When she came back, she had an accurate sketch to show of one of the finest views in the neighborhood. The drawing was remarkably well made, and the whole effect so true to nature that her aunt could not help exclaiming when she saw it.

Florence, pleased and encouraged, went out again the next day, and made another sketch, which her aunt pronounced finer than the first."

A new pleasure had opened upon the young girl. The delight she felt in making her sketches, sprung from the fact that she possessed

ed a natural talent for drawing; and, in exercising it, under such new and advantageous circumstances, she surprised even herself, by what she accomplished.

Time no longer hung heavy on her hands, and the exciting pleasures of a city life were almost forgotten.

When Florence returned home, she surprised her father with more than a dozen fine drawings of some of the most beautiful and romantic scenery to be found. He could hardly believe, at first, that they were the work of his daughter. The pleasure he expressed stimulated Florence to new efforts. She again took lessons in drawing, and also in painting; and, before the end of a year, produced a picture in oil colors that astonished all her friends. Her next effort was in taking likenesses; and in this she also succeeded beyond her warmest expectations. It was not long before she had miniatures of every member of her father's family, and to these were added some of her nearest friends.

None, in this life, are exempt from wordly misfortunes. They come as well on the rich as on the poor; as well on the good as on the bad. Mr. Myrtle, the father of Florence, was a healthy man, bidding as fair for a long life as any one. But suddenly he was stricken down, and passed from the earth, leaving a widow and two daughters almost broken-hearted by the loss. Trouble does not always come alone. So it proved in this case; for, on the settlement of Mr. Myrtle's business, nothing remained for his family.—Every one had supposed him rich; but, in closing up his estate, his executor discovered that he was not, really, worth a single dollar.

Here was sorrow, indeed; for trouble came quickly in the footsteps of affliction. The heart of the mother, when the announcement was made to her, sank in despair. She had no resources in herself with which to meet this new aspect of affairs; and yet something must be done, for the little that was left to them was fast wasting away.

In this emergency, Florence came confidently forward, and said,

"I can do something, mother."

"You, child? What can you do?" inquired Mrs. Myrtle, in a doubtful voice.

"I can teach drawing and painting, and I can take miniatures."

The mother looked with a feeling of wonder, into the animated face of her daughter, while a faint gleam of light came into her mind.

Florence was in earnest. Since her visit to the country, she had employed a large portion of her time in drawing and painting, because she took delight in it, and she was now competent to give instructions in the art. As no other means offered, she soon entered upon the task of procuring pupils among her friends, in which she was very successful. Before a year went by, she had as many scholars as it was possible for her to attend to, and was in the receipt of a sufficient income to support her mother and sister handsomely. How thankful was this excellent girl, that she had improved the talent

received from Heaven, instead of burying it in the earth as so many do.

Let young persons embrace all the opportunities that offer for gaining knowledge, or skill in any pursuit for which they may be gifted by nature; for nothing is ever learned, that, some time in life, there is not occasion to use.

## BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Flitting about in each leafy tree;  
In the leafy tree, so broad and tall,  
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,  
With its airy chambers, light and boon.  
That open to sun, and stars, and moon,  
That open unto the bright blue sky,  
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough,  
Those homes of delight they need not now;  
And the young and the old they wander out,  
And traverse their green world round about:  
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,  
How one to the other they lovingly call;  
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,  
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,  
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"  
And the birds below give back the cry,  
"We come, we come to the branches high!"  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Flitting about in a leafy tree;  
And away through the air what joy to go,  
And to look on the bright, green earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Skimming about on the breezy sea,  
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,  
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home.  
What joy it must be to sail, upborne  
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn.  
To meet the young sun face to face,  
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Where'er he listeth there to flee;  
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,  
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,  
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,  
Above and below, and among the spray,  
Hither and thither, with screams as wild  
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,  
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;  
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath  
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,  
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,  
That gladden some fairy regions old!  
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,  
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY ROWITT.

The most original spelling we have ever seen is the following. It beats phonetics: 80 you be —a tub. 80 oh! pea—a top. Be 80—bat. See 80—cat. Pea 80—pat. Are 80—rat; See a be —cab. Bee you double tea—butt. Be a double ell—ball.

## Editor's Department.

### AN ART CRITICISM.

The following specimen of closely discriminating art criticism cannot fail to be read with interest. It is by Ruskin, and taken from his notes on some of the principal pictures exhibited in the rooms of the Royal Academy this year. The particular picture here commented upon is by J. R. Herbert, R. A.—The subject "Lear Recovering his reason at the sight of Cordelia." Mr. Ruskin says: "In the whole compass of Shakspeare's conceptions, the two women whom he has gifted with the deepest souls are Cordelia and Virgilia. All his other women can speak what is in them. These two cannot. The 'Nothing, my lord,' of Cordelia, and the 'gracious silence' of Virgilia, are the everlasting seals set by the Master of the human heart upon the most sacred writing of its folded and golden leaves. Shakspeare himself could not find words to tell what was in these women. And now cast down at her father's feet, the alabaster vase is broken—the house of life is filled with the odor of the ointment—all Cordelia is poured forth in that infinite 'I am' of fulfilled love." Do but think of it for one quiet instant. Think of the rejected creature, so long disallowed from daughter's word and act; unsistered also—all her sisterhood changed into pale flame of indignation—now at last, in consummation of all sorrow, and pity, and shame, and thankfulness, and horror, and hope long delayed, watching the veil grow thin, that in those eyes, wasted with grief, was still drawn between her father's soul and hers. Think of it! As for imagining it—perhaps Dante might have imagined it, with the winds of Paradise yet upon his brow. As for painting it—

"And yet, in the midst of the Royal Academy Rooms of England, and in the middle of nineteenth century, that profile of firwood, painted buff, with a white spot in the corner of the eye, does verily profess to be a painting of it.

"It is a thing not a little to be pondered upon, that the men who attempt these highest things are always those who cannot even do the least things well. Around the brow of firwood figure there is a coronet, and in the coronet four jewels. I thought that, according to the Royal Academy principles, in a 'High Art' picture, this Rundell and Bridge portion of it should have been a little less conspicuous.—However as we find these unideal emeralds and rubies thus condescendingly touched, let me see how they are touched. Each stone has a white spot or high light, upon it. Now, that flash is

always the reflection of the highest light to which the jewel is turned: and here, in a tent, it must be of an opening in the tent on the left-hand side. Now, as the jewels are set round the brow, each would reflect this tent-door from a different spot of its surface. This change in the position of the reflexion would be one of the principal means by which Nature would indicate the curve of the coronet. Now look at the painting. Every gem has actually the high light in the same spot, on the left-hand side, all round the brow.

"The dimness of pictorial capacity indicated by such a blunder as this, is very marvellous. For a painter of the slightest power, even though he had not drawn the gems from nature, would infallibly have varied the flash, for his own pleasure, and in an instinctive fulfillment of the eternal law of change.

"It is nevertheless a fact, although from some peculiar idiosyncrasy not comprehending the passage in King Lear, Mr. Herbert has feeling; and if he would limit his work to subjects of the mere symbolic and quietly religious class, which truly move him, and would consider himself by no means a great master, but a very incipient student, and paint everything from the fact and life, faithfully, he would be able to produce works of some value."

### FREAKS OF MEMORY.

Under this title, that quaint and learned little paper, *Bizarre*, tells the following:—

"A friend of Dr. Beattie, in consequence of a blow on the head, lost all his attainments in Greek; and Professor Scarpa (whose *corpus striatum* was disorganized) lost only the memory of proper names.

"The superlative memory of Sir Walter Scott lay in a deep sleep after a severe indisposition. It is recorded by Ballantyne, that when the *Bride of Lammermoor*, in its printed form, was submitted to his perusal, he did not recognize, as *his own*, one single incident, character, or conversation it contained; yet the original tradition was perfect in his mind. When Mrs. Arkwright, too, sung some verses of *his*, one evening, at Lord Francis Egerton's, the same oblivion was o'er his mind, and he whispered to Lockhart, 'Capital words; whose are they? Byron's, I suppose; but I don't remember them.'"

To the same source we are indebted for the following article on the spelling of Sevastopol:—"The spelling, as we give it, is the correct one to be used in our language. The third letter, when written in Russian characters is of the shape of the Roman B, but is the same in force as our V. This accounts for the *Sebastopol* spelling often adopted. The accent is on the

\* "I think this lady  
To be my child, Cordelia.  
Cordelia. And so I am; I am."

antipenultimate syllable, and upon that alone, but the *a* therein is the Russian vowel *yah*. The whole is to be pronounced then: *Se-vyahs-topol*. The introduction of the letter *y* in this word, it will be observed, is the single point of difference between it and the pronunciation most generally heard amongst us. *Se-vahs-topol* is then sufficiently near being correct for all practical purposes, and may as well be persevered in by the public.

## AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

Some ten years since, in the editorial columns of a magazine we were then conducting, we noticed favorably a singularly unpretending volume of poetry, entitled "*Home Poems*," the production of an author then personally unknown to us—we allude to AUGUSTINE DUGANNE. We were at that time forcibly struck with the masculine vigor and maturity of thought displayed by an author, scarcely then out of his boyhood, and recognizing in his verse the ring of the true metal, we cheerfully awarded the tribute of praise, and predicted a fame which the future did not disappoint.

We are pleased to observe that a volume of his collected poems is now in press, and that it is to be issued in style of great elegance. Referring to this fact, a literary friend of the author's writes as follows:—

"That Mr. Duganne's poetry possesses the genuine elements of enduring fame, even the most careless examination of his verse will manifest abundantly. That Duganne is not as familiarly known in literary circles as Longfellow, or Bryant, or Willis, is not that his muse is inferior in point of genius or artistic delicacy of expression, but because his modesty of position and diffidence of character have placed him, accidentally, in a rank far behind where his merits fairly entitle him to stand. The literary public have had no fair opportunity of judging of Mr. D.'s verse, scattered as it has been, at random, through almost every journal and magazine in the country. So singularly capricious is public opinion, (and more especially as regards *authorial* reputation,) that it does not credit the author with *existence*, much less with fame, until it has ocular proof of a real book.—Editors are proverbially unknown—their tangibility being deemed, in the public esteem, rather a myth than a *prima facie* fact. Let one of them perpetrate a volume, and he no longer remains an invisibility. He has entered the lists of fame, and his name becomes public property forever after.

"It is the earnest conviction, resulting from these views, which makes us look forward with confidence to the final award of literary justice to one of our sterling American bards. We note, from a prospectus in one of the New York journals, that Mr. Duganne is about to give to the world, the first printed collection of his poems, which, when published, will make a handsome octavo volume of about four hundred pages. The style of typographical execution will be all that a fastidious *litterateur* can desire. We can promise in advance a

literary surprise of no ordinary kind; for we opine that few will be prepared to see the rich store of poetical gems which the volume will enshrine. Richly varied in character, blending witty satire with subtle philosophy, brilliant criticism with genial candor, elevation of sentiment with the soundest humanity, these poems will go forth to win a warm place in the hearts of all who honor the high mission of poetical genius."

## OUR COLORED PLATE.

We give another of our series of colored engravings in this number. The artist calls it "*St. Bernard by Moonlight*;" and such may be the scene portrayed, though from some things about the picture, we are in reasonable doubt as to the correct designation.

The following beautiful incident we find among the cuttings of our drawer:

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, rushed from the cabin to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She instantly answered "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, remember I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the winds in His fists, and the water in the hollow of His hands, is my Father."

"The Life and Times of Bennett," is one of the publications of the day. The subject is said to have been too strong for Grant, the biographer; in fact, if report speaks truly, it has completely destroyed any pretensions to literary reputation which he may have had.

## MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

The Opera stars have been concertizing at the watering-places. Newport and Cape May have been especially honored: the latter by the brilliant and beautiful Vestvali. She sang at the Kursal, and was assisted by the best talent, vocal and instrumental. The house which greeted her was what may be called genteel, but not large. Her songs were received with marked enthusiasm, and she went away feeling pleased with the quality, if not the quantity, of Cape May appreciation. Vestvali, some say, contemplates a tour to South America, while others report that she is soon to return to her native Italy.

Gottschalk was in town lately. He has been ruralizing, and we hope is improved in health.

There are many who would like to hear him this autumn, and we think he might have at least one good concert. More than one would be hazardous, however, as our people are disposed to give but feeble support to the best native genius, while they are ready to encourage the most indifferent foreign artist.

Our beautiful Academy of Music is progressing slowly, under the direction of Mr. Runge. A picture of what the auditorium is destined to be, which hangs in a window in Chestnut street, attracts no little attention. The celebrated poisoning scene of "Lucrezia Borgia," appears to be performing, and the duke and duchess are singing and acting their best, no doubt, but to literally empty chairs. The interior of the house, if the foreshadowing be faithful, will be magnificent; quite equal, if not superior, to the famous Opera House, in Irving Place, New York.

Speaking of New York, music is courted there at all times, and in every grade of life. We have heard its sounds when passing the low cellars of Chatham, and its adjacent filthy streets; we have listened to them as they emerged from the houses of Fifth Avenue-dom. In our own city, there is at present a particular penchant for cellar-music, washed down by cloudy beer; indeed, there are almost numberless places in town where free concerts are given nightly. In Philadelphia, the Sabbath is not outraged by these musical bacchanals; but in New York the day of rest is sadly prostituted, and with impunity to hundreds of them. We like music; we want it to be popular with the masses; but we think they should drink in its inspiration on week days, and unmingled with burning bad brandy, and cloudy, body-and-soul-killing Lager.

The New York Musical Review says:—"Some of our daily journals have given currency to a report that Balfe, the composer of the *Bohemian Girl*, *Enchantress*, *Daughter of St. Mark*, etc., is to direct Italian opera at the Academy of Music during the coming season. While we believe there is no reason to expect a second visit from Mr. Balfe (he was in America in 1834, we think) at present, there is foundation for the rumor in a magnanimous (!) offer recently made to certain parties in this city by the English composer. We understand that he has expressed his willingness to try better fortune in New York than he has experienced in Italy upon the following modest terms: Mr. Balfe will superintend three performances of a new opera (whether the one that lately failed in Italy or not, we are not informed,) in New York, for the sum of one thousand pounds sterling, (\$5000,) and the expenses to, and from, and while here, of himself, family, and three servants; the copy-right of the opera to remain his own. As these terms have not been accepted, the bargain is as yet concluded only on one side, and Mr. Balfe may have to wait some time before he receives a draft for the amount demanded."

We learn from Dwight's *Journal of Music*, that an approaching musical convention in

Boston will afford opportunity "to hear some of the orchestral and operatic compositions of our (Boston) townsman, Mr. L. H. Southard. An efficient orchestra of at least thirty-six instruments, and perhaps larger, will be organized for the purpose of bringing out two concert overtures which he has composed; also, some portions of his unfinished opera, *The Scarlet Letter*, (we have referred before to this opera, the libretto of which is founded upon Hawthorne's romance,) will be tried with the aid of some of our best singers, since Mr. Southard, a new writer, is naturally anxious to learn what may be learned by testing the effect of what he has been shaping from his own ideal."

Miss Elise Hensler has been concertizing at Nahant, and Mr. Harrison Millard at Newport.

A musical convention was held at Williamstown, Mass., under the direction of Dr. Lowell Mason, and Mr. Lasar.

Signor F. Badiali, brother of the well-known baritone, Cesare Badiali, formerly a director of Italian opera, and more recently managerial agent for Signor Marti, of the Tacon Theatre, Havana, died in New York last month. Signor Badiali will be remembered as the manager of the Havana troupe which introduced Mesdames Tedesco, Bosio, Steffenone, Ranieri, and Messrs. Salvi, Marini, Lorini, Perelli, etc., to the Philadelphia public. He was an efficient business man.

A correspondent of the London *Morning News* winds up an account of Verdi's *Vepri Sicilienne* by stating that he "came away with the impression of a superb *mise en scene*, somewhat noisy melody, and a conviction that Mlle Cruvelli has very pretty arms." Rather a hard rub that, for Verdi. By the way, Verdi was in London last month. The *Athenæum* of that city says that a young lady of the Kemble family, so celebrated in the drama, will soon attempt to continue the long and successful career in art of those of her name, as a vocalist.

The Birmingham Musical Festival commenced August 28th, and terminated on the following Friday evening with a Full Dress Ball. The visitors were welcomed with Mendelssohn and dismissed with Strauss! The order of the programme of the week was as follows: Tuesday morning, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; Wednesday morning, a new oratorio, *Eli*, composed expressly for the Festival by its director, Mr. Costa; Thursday morning, Handel's *Messiah*; Friday morning, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Mozart's *Requiem*, and selections from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. The evening concerts were of the usual miscellaneous character. The overtures performed were *Ruy Blas*, *Der Freischütz*, *Masaniello*, *Leonora*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *The Ruler of the Spirits*. Mr. Macfarren's *Leonora*, Mendelssohn's A major, and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphonies, and the finale to Mendelssohn's *Lorelei* were also performed, with selections from the *Prophete*, the *Huguenots*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*. A novelty was also a finale, *L'Invocazione dell'Armonia*, by His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, being the second appearance of the

Prince Consort as a composer at the Birmingham Festivals. The orchestra numbered about one hundred and fifty performers; the chorus over three hundred. The principal solo vocalists engaged were Mesdames Bosio, Castellan, Viardot-Garcia, Rudersdorff, Dolby, and Grisi; Messrs. Lablache, Mario, Formes, Gardoni, Reichardt, Weiss, and Sims Reeves.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ISLAND EMPIRE; Or, The Scenes of the First Exile of Napoleon. By the Author of "Blondelle." Philadelphia: Parry & M'William.

This book, a deeply interesting one, was written by an Englishman. It relates to the island of Elba, where the first exile of Napoleon occurred. His imprisonment there develops a key to the whole of his subsequent career. He was driven back to France by absolute want. Had pledges been kept by those who consigned him to Elba, the wonderful general might have remained in exile. A reviewer of ability on this point has the following:

"It is by no means impossible that by keeping him as a state prisoner in a style commensurate with that which was at first promised, and by thoroughly conciliating and overawing the Bonapartists at home, the French Government or the Allied Powers might have kept Napoleon for long years in Elba. There was at least a possibility of this. But was the attempt fairly made? Even Lamartine's History of the Restoration shows that it was not, and in this work, by an Englishman, especially devoted to the Elban episode in his history, it is manifest that it was not. Promises were not kept—his annual pension was withheld, the scanty revenues of the island did not suffice for its government, much less for those active, energetic measures which the master mind of its ruler at once projected, and he finally sunk into such a state of comparative poverty, that as the wife of General Bertrand declared, 'He had scarcely a shilling or a ring to give a friend.' Napoleon was in fact driven forth, impelled doubtless in part by a readiness to risk a terrible future, but not less by that *res angusta domi*, that pinching poverty, which had become insupportable."

The allies seem to have acted altogether, regarding Napoleon, in the most heartless manner. They lashed him into a fever, burning with revenge; they pursued him, when fallen, with cowardly venom. Had the compact made with him, on exiling himself at Elba, been kept, there never would have been a Waterloo, and seas of blood would have been saved. In saying this, we do not mean to panegyrize Napoleon. On the contrary, we have found but little in the course of that man to approve; though there are hundreds of incidents in his life which excite our admiration.

The book before us contains a fine description of Elba, and of scenes and incidents connected with Napoleon's exile. We print several extracts:

#### NAPOLÉON'S LIBRARY.

"Amongst the other legacies left by the Emperor to the capital of his 'state of transition,' is a library of about eleven hundred volumes, some of which bear marginal notes in his hand writing. The collection consists of works principally of a military and historical character, a set of 'Moniteurs' bound up, translations of Latin and Greek classic authors, and occasionally some lighter productions may be found. Voltaire's works, grave and gay, Rousseau, and some elementary works on botany, mineralogy, and other branches of natural philosophy, procured evidently with

the view of becoming acquainted with the produce of an island apparently designed, from its extensive, and at times even incongruous, collection, for studies of this nature. To obtain a knowledge of those things he wanted to know, the great man did not disdain to begin from the beginning, and works destined to teach children seem to have been chosen for this purpose. It will be seen hereafter, that he expressed to Sir Niel Campbell his desire to become acquainted with the English language, and requested that officer to procure him a grammar. I found two French grammars of English, in coarse paper covers, labelled with a rough cipher N pasted on the back.

These do not appear to have occupied, however, much of the Emperor's time, as most of the leaves are uncut. The only work that he seems to have perused in the prosecution of this study, is one of those dully moral works calculated to combine instruction with amusement, but which generally fail in either object. The original English is placed side by side with a French translation, and the book bears the two titles, 'The Hundred Thoughts of a Young Lady'—'Cent Pensées d'une Jeune Anglaise,' and purports to have been written by 'Mistress Gillet.'"

#### SHORE OF THE INAMORATA.

"A terrible event gave its name to the beach. The very old popular legend, now scarcely remembered even by the oldest, says, that about the fourteenth century, there lived at Capoliveri an orphan girl, by name Maria.

"Good, beautiful as an angel, she was beloved by all. Many asked her hand in marriage, but in vain, for she had placed her heart in the keeping of a handsome and graceful youth, the son of one of the most wealthy agriculturists of the Castello. His name was Lorenzo. Her want of dowry was an obstacle to the union she desired, as the grasping father of the youth calculated on the increase of his son's fortune and connections by an advantageous marriage.

"The two lovers languished with their unfortunate love for five years. At length, vanquished by the constancy of his son and the virtue of Maria, the father gave his consent, and, according to the custom of the country, the nuptials were to take place after the harvest.

"Inured to grief, the faithful couple trembled and feared lest some obstacle to their felicity should arise, and the joy caused by the assent, so tardily obtained, seemed to them an illusion.

"But, behold the wished-for labor of the harvest approaches! Behold, the family of Lorenzo move gayly to the eastern valleys of the mountains, taking with them the betrothed bride to assist in the gathering of the corn with the other maidens of the family!

"Lorenzo, as night approached, descended to the beach to take some water from the spring. Some time passed, and he did not reappear. The family, seeing this delay, began to fear lest some sinister event had happened, and Maria, mute and motionless, could not detach her eyes from the path which was to lead her lover back to her side; so great, in these unhappy times, was the danger of adventuring to places near the sea, on account of the incursions of the Barbarians. All of a sudden they see a Turkish vessel making off from the shore, rowing quickly to the open sea; they perceive Lorenzo in the midst of the strange crowd, and fighting desperately for his liberty, disarmed, against armed antagonists. After a few moments, they hear a splash; they see the waves covered with large lines of blood, and—then they see a corpse floating on the top.

"They fly to the beach, and the unhappy Maria

beholds the inanimate body of her lover, which the waves, less cruel than the Barbarians, was driving towards the land. Sending forth long and grievous cries, and hiding her hands in her hair, in an impulse of love, she precipitates herself from the rocks, and embracing the cold remains of her beloved, sinks in the vortex of the waters, repeating his loved name.

"Poor Maria! The monotonous beating of the sea was thy love song: the shrieks of the spectators were thy congratulations. The mysterious shades of the evening to which thou hadst for so long a time looked forward, were anticipated by the deeps of the sea! The festive crowd of maidens crowned with flowers, who should have escorted thee to the altar, were changed (horrible substitution!) into the lurid troop of marine monsters with voracious teeth! Thy virgin robes were despoiled by death, and the wave was thy nuptial couch.

"The morning rose; but no ray of sun gladdened the earth, as a horrible tempest confounded it with heaven, and the grieving populace, assembled in great crowds, fearing that the furious waves would swallow up the place that had been witness to the terrible catastrophe.

"When the storm was allayed, some pious neighbors sought for three days the remains of the unfortunate pair, but in vain. At length, on the fourth day, there was found close to the beach a blue *grimp*, or scarf (*sciarp*), saturated with blood, which belonged to the unhappy damsel—the only wreck of this miserable story.

"From that day to this the fisherman, overtaken by some dark and stormy night, with a frightened eye sees rising on the points of the rocks a pallid spectre, dressed in a long white veil, which, with outstretched arms, with a forehead crowned with faded roses, and with dishevelled hair, flies to meet him, leaving behind a long line of mysterious phosphoric light, and calling to him with a moaning, grieving voice, to bring back to her her Lorenzo."

**THE ESCAPED NUN.** New York: Dewitt & Davenport.

The book professes to be disclosures of convent life, and confessions of a sister of charity. It is one of the numerous class now in the market, "made to sell," fraught hence with pernicious, otherwise called popular qualities. Convents are inconsistent with our institutions, and should be discountenanced. We cannot conceive of the necessity of any such institutions to advance Christianity. So pure and transparent a cause is best advocated and urged onward by pure and transparent means. The style of the book is well enough; it is written in good English, but the plan is exceedingly confused. Instead of being the confessions of one "sister," entire and disjointed, it is made of scraps from the lives of three. We have read it all through, and candor forces us to acknowledge the time expended therein might have been much more profitably employed.

**SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES OF HENRY W. HILLIARD.** New York: Harper & Brothers.

Two efforts in this volume, one an oration delivered at Montgomery, Alabama, on the life and character of Henry Clay, and the other on the genius and character of Daniel Webster, delivered at the same place, should render it valuable, independent of other matters of deep interest which it contains, embracing speeches delivered in Congress, and orations pronounced in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.—One of the last, delivered at the Musical Fund Hall in our city, January 3, 1851, is remembered with pleasure by the writer. Another, on the death of Gen. Harrison, pronounced at Montgomery, Alabama, is full of eloquence and pathos. An excellent library book is this, and got up in excellent style.

**MINERAL SPRINGS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.** Philadelphia: Parry & M. Millan.

This is a valuable little work from the pen of Dr. John Bell, author of several productions of the kind, which have enjoyed high favor. Our people are giving great attention just now to the subject of mineral springs, and the book presents a minute description of all of them.

**THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.** Philadelphia: Chas. H. Davis.

This is a stirring story, and will have many admirers. The scene is laid in various places. The incidents are varied, and one is tolerably well repaid a perusal of the entire volume, even though we may have had considerable experience in story-reading. Some of the characters are strongly drawn. The author is Mrs. Caroline H. Butler Luing, who dedicates the volume, with love and veneration, to the memory of "her dear father, Thomas Butler." Another recommendation of this book is, that it is printed in excellent large type, on fine white paper.

**THE CURE MANQUE.** New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a work on the social and religious customs of the rural portions of France, by Eugene do Courcillon. The object of the author is conveyed in the course of an autobiography of a young peasant, born in Normandy, who enters an ecclesiastical seminary, with a view to become a priest. The book is full of interest, and as bearing upon the manners, customs, superstitions, religion, and general social character of the French peasant, is well worth reading.

**THE DIAMOND CROSS.** By Clara Morton.

The author of this charming volume ranks with the best of our American writers of domestic fiction.—She possesses a delicate taste, a fine appreciation of character, and more than common skill in portraiture. She writes, moreover, with a moral purpose, and takes healthy views of life. The stories now collected are some of the best that have appeared from her pen; and the book cannot fail to receive a warm welcome.

**THE RABBIT FANCIER.** New York: C. M. Saxton & Co.

This neat little volume embraces a treatise upon the rearing, feeding, and general management of rabbits, with remarks upon their diseases, and remedies, drawn from authentic sources, and personal observation; to which are added full directions for the construction of Hutches, Rabbitries, &c., together with receipts for cooking and dressing for the table, by C. N. Bement.

#### BOOKS UN-NOTICED.

The following books lie on our table, awaiting notice:

"Waikna; or, Adventures on the Mosquito Shore"—"A Memoir of the Rev. Sidney Smith," (2 vols.)—"History of the Council of Trent"—"Art Hints on Architecture, Sculpture," &c., by Jarves—"Life in California," by Frank Marryatt, (illustrated):—"Letters to the People," by Messrs. Beecher—"Letters to Bishop Hughes," by Kirwan—from Harper & Bros., New York. "The Christian Mirror,"—from Sheldon, Lampont & Blakeman, New York. "Lights and Shadows of an English Life," from Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

We have an interesting communication from our friend, Mr. F. C. Woodworth, on the value of Inhalation in Consumption, which we hoped to get in this number of the Home Magazine. It will appear in the November number. Mr. Woodworth details his own experience of this new treatment. In his case, the benefit has been most decided.

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THE INDIAN WARD.

254.

J.D. Harding

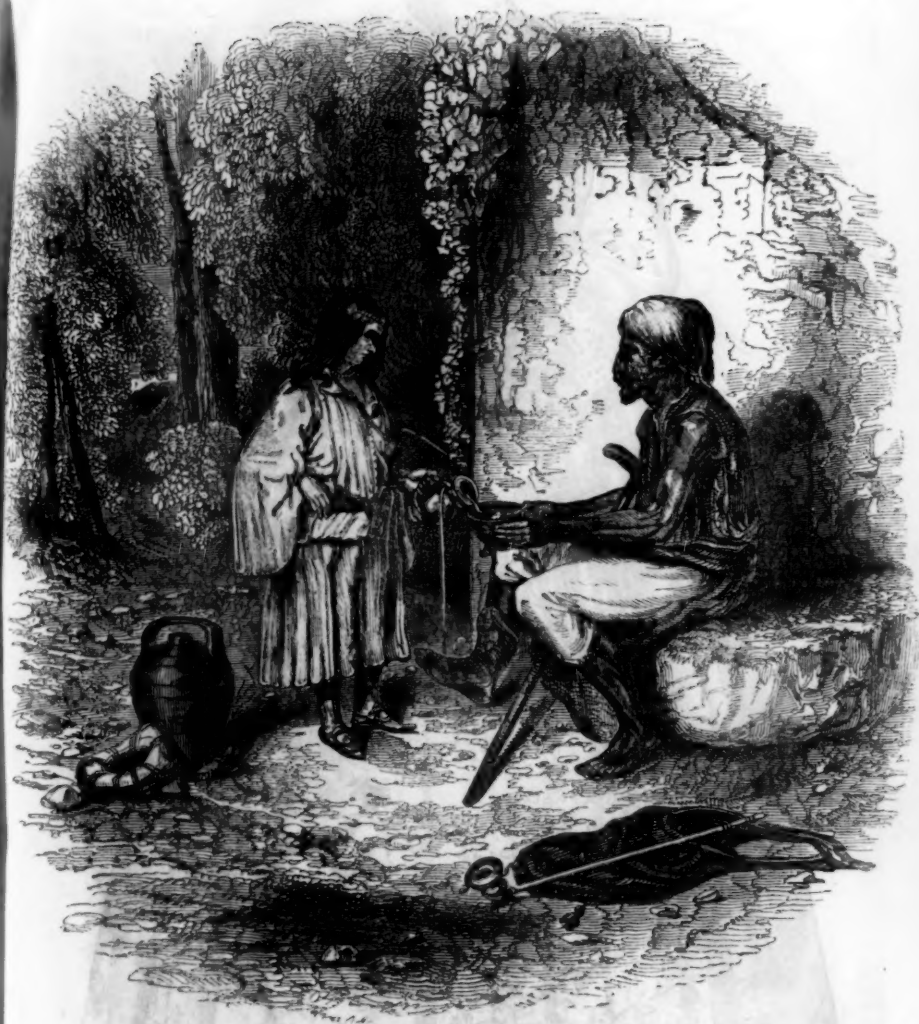


A TURCOMAN GIRL OF SARDIR, GIVING DRINK TO A TRAVELLER.

[See page 231.]



THE NILE VALLEY



A TURCOMAN GIRL OF SARDIS, GIVING DRINK TO A TRAVELLER.

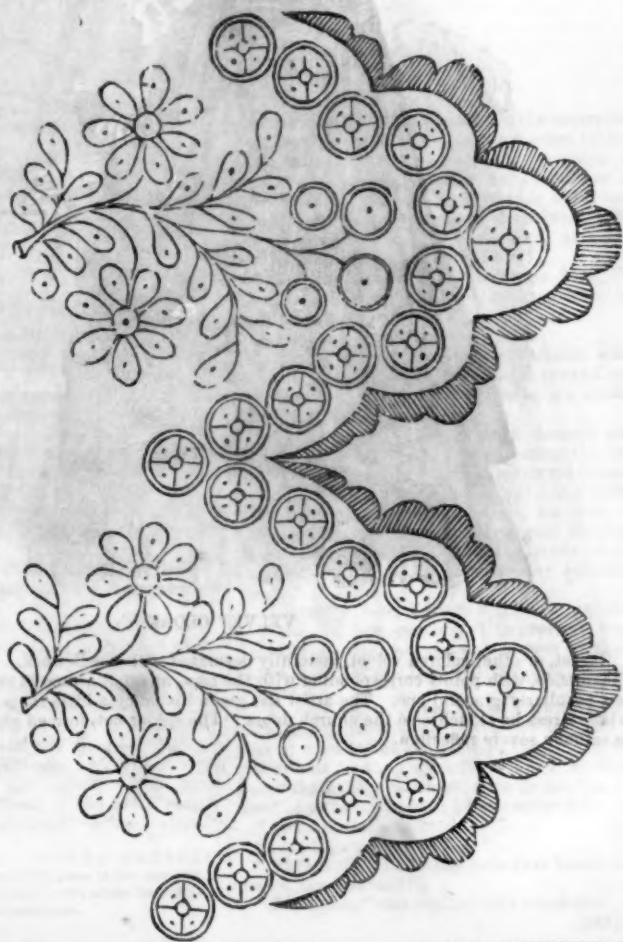
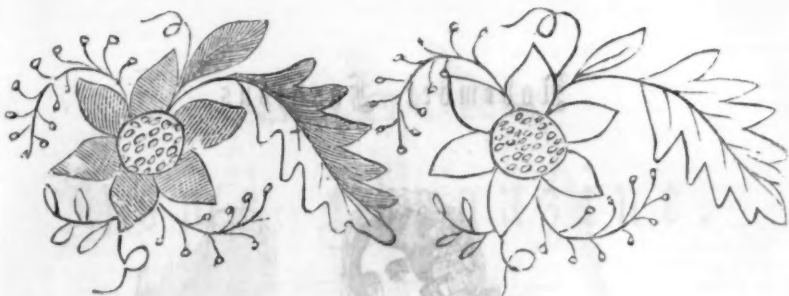
[See page 251.]

NEW YORK: HENRY O. WILSON, 1841.



EMBROIDERED DRESSING GOWN.

Patterns for Needlework.



## November Fashions.



VELVET CLOAK.

Garnet, or other colored velvet, tastefully decorated with needlework. The sleeves are cut on the outside, with points corresponding with the cape, and fall as low as the skirt. The garment is a peculiarly graceful one. The artist has given his fancy a little range, and carried the lady whose dress he sketches to the church doors. The spider net, formed above the "charity box," is rather a severe reflection.